

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.
A. H. SANBORN, }

132 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1878, and is now in its thirty-fifth year. It is the only newspaper in the city, and with one exception, the oldest in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns, published every Wednesday morning, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance, and \$1.25 per copy in arrears. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance, and \$1.25 per copy in arrears. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance, and \$1.25 per copy in arrears.

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NEWPORT LODGE, No. 339, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, 1011 Broadway, New York City. Meetings on Wednesdays, 8:00 P. M. All members of the order are invited to attend.

Local Matters.

Newport Social Index.

The Newport Social Index for 1913 has been made its appearance, and is without question the handsomest volume ever issued in Newport. It is printed on kid-bush leather, with Craze's bond for inter-leafing, and has a number of handsome illustrations. The cover is of red silk with the design stamped in gold leaf.

There are several new features in the book this year, one of the most important being a complete list of the cottagers at Narragansett Pier. This has been repeatedly requested by subscribers to the book, but until this year it had not been practicable to include it in the book. Another feature is the complete list of the Diplomatic Corps in Newport.

The Social Index contains the complete list of cottagers in Newport, with their winter addresses, telephone numbers, etc.; summer residents at Jamestown and Narragansett Pier; officers of the army and navy stationed at Newport; list of cottagers with their occupations; officers and members of Newport's prominent clubs; vessels of the New York Yacht Club, etc. The Social Index is a very valuable volume and is eagerly sought after. This year a much larger edition was prepared than in previous years, owing to the increased demand.

The police department has been having more or less trouble with sailors and soldiers during the past week. Two sailors are being held to await action of the grand jury for driving off a buggy belonging to Harry E. Tripp, and also for breaking and entering and larceny at 111 Long wharf. Tuesday evening, there was trouble on Lavitt street between three sailors and a colored man, in which one of the sailors received some cuts about his face. The sight of his face drew a crowd and there were threats of violence to the colored man, but the police and naval patrol were rushed to the scene and dispersed the crowd. Later John W. Henry, colored, pleaded not guilty to assault with a knife on John Dillon, and was released on bail. There have been several scraps among sailors, which have not always ended at the Police Station.

On Friday, Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lowell, Mass., grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, made a special trip to Newport to bring to the Newport Historical Society the handsome silver vase presented to the Commodore by the people of Newport. The vase was at once added to the Perry collection and naturally attracted much attention. It is a handsome piece of silver, bearing a suitable inscription. It is fully described in the pamphlet on Oliver Hazard Perry in Newport, just published by the Newport Historical Society.

Charles Townsend, a sailor of the destroyer Drayton, was cut in the abdomen by another sailor on the Government Landing Monday evening. He was taken to the Naval Hospital in the ambulance, and it was found that his wound would not prove serious.

Mr. George W. Hawley of Providence, formerly of this city, was severely burned on Tuesday while filling the gasoline tank of an automobile at his garage. His burns, although painful, were not serious.

Told About Ice.

The alderman committee to investigate the ice situation in Newport held the first session at the City Hall on Monday evening and heard considerable evidence in regard to conditions in the ice business here. There was not a very large crowd at the hearing, but those present evinced considerable interest and some progress was made by the committee. Mayor MacLeod presided, the other members of the committee being Aldermen Albro and Hughes. City Solicitor Sullivan presided over the session of the committee. A verbal report was made by Mrs. Muschler, who had been engaged as official stenographer.

Nicholas E. Dwyer of the Perry House, was the first witness called. He told of buying ice at \$4.00 per ton last February and the price afterward jumping, until it reached \$8.00. He was unable to make a contract for delivery at a fixed price, and later contracted with Ernest Voigt to supply his ice. He regarded Mr. Voigt as a benefactor, as he had prevented the price from going even higher than it has. Peter Faerber testified from the point of a household consumer only.

Mr. Andrew K. Quinn proved an interesting witness. He said that he was practically the whole thing in the Diamond Ice Company, which operates an artificial ice plant, with a capacity of some 80 tons a day. In May a contract was made with the Newport Ice Company to take the whole output of the plant at \$2.75 per ton, this to include some 400 to 500 tons of ice that had been made and stored. He talked of arbitrage and cost of delivery.

John L. Moore, a colored ice man, was examined, at considerable length. He told of the difficulty he had had in obtaining ice and showed that the wholesale price is constantly rising. He had sometimes bought his ice in Newport and sometimes outside. At one time he had tried to buy some from the Newport Ice Company but after it was all on the wagon, it had been ordered taken off. He intimated that local people interfered with his orders to cut out of town dealers.

Ernest Voigt, who went into the ice business largely to supply work of his customers, was called as a witness. He testified to the rising price of ice, giving figures at which he had been able to buy car loads of ice. He was unable to make any retail deliveries, supplying wholesale customers only. He thought \$15 a ton for ice at retail was too high. He told of a conversation over the telephone in which it was stated that one Newport cottager of an out of town dealer had promised to buy six car loads of ice a week if no more was shipped to others in Newport. He told of the constantly increasing price to wholesale lots.

It was after ten o'clock when adjournment was reached and Friday night was set as the time for the next hearing.

Board of Aldermen.

President John E. Ledy presided at the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening. Mayor MacLeod being with the naval committee at Squantum. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and routine business was transacted. A communication was received from the Newport Improvement Association calling attention to the motor boat muffler law, and also calling attention to the presence of lurching wagons on the highways.

The Russo family of Bath road appeared before the board to protest against the liquor saloon of Thomas Cheban on Bath road. Various instances of alleged violation of the law were cited, and the remonstrants claimed that the illegal practices were very detrimental to them. The board did not care to go into the matter in detail, but Aldermen Hughes and Ledy were made a committee to investigate.

By the will of the late Mrs. Bradford Gay, which was admitted to probate this week, a number of bequests are made to relatives as follows: Joseph B. Wilbur, \$2000; J. Henry Wilbur, \$2000; Charlotte King Wilbur, \$2000; Ethel Gay Wilbur, \$1000; Francis G. Wilbur, \$1500; Esther Maude Wilbur, \$2000; Mary Wilbur Kline, \$2000; Louis Wilbur Hammett, \$1200; George Howland Hammett, \$1000; Mrs. George H. Wilbur, \$500. All these legacies are to be paid after the death of her husband, or during his life, if he shall see fit. After the death of her husband, the property on Canton street is to be divided equally between Francis G., Joseph B., and Sarah N. Wilbur. All the rest of the property goes to her husband outright. It is stated that the personal estate will not exceed \$22,000.

Pay Director Leeds C. Kerr, who has been in charge of the local Navy Pay Office for nearly two years, has been detached and Pay Director Livingston Hunt ordered to the Newport office. The new Pay Director will take charge on the first of August.

Busy at the Beach.

The Beach had a busy day last Sunday, a good sized crowd being present, although not by any means the largest of the season. It takes a larger crowd to make a showing on the Beach this year than last because there are more places for them to go. The big convention hall can swallow up a large multitude that would otherwise throng the board walk, while the walk itself has been extended so far as to make more room for the people to spread out.

The boats from Providence, brought down fair-sized crowds, the Mount Hope landing a large number here. The trolleys were well patronized all day, bringing many passengers both from Providence and Fall River, while there was a constant line of automobiles on all the roads leading into the city. The ferryboats to Jamestown and Bristol had all the auto traffic they could accommodate, while the highway from Fall River was the route of a great many. Most of the autoists took dinner at the Beach.

The Old Mill is now in running order, although not yet fully complete. It is having good patronage and bids fair to be one of the most popular attractions of the Beach. The roller coaster is always busy in the evening, and some who were afraid to try it at first have got their courage up to the proper point.

This week Miss Ruth Law has arrived at the Beach with her aeroplane and she will be the great attraction for some time. She proposes to make daily ascents from the Beach and will carry a passenger if there is demand for it.

A Thames Street Fire.

Newport had a box alarm on Sunday afternoon for the first time in a number of days. The fire was not spectacular, although considerable damage was done to the interior. The officer on duty at Thames and Pelham streets discovered smoke issuing from the eulogies of the Copeland building, at the corner of Scott's wharf and Thames street, and quickly pulled in Box 41 on the Postoffice building. When the department arrived, streams were thrown on the outside of the building, while the chemical streams and axes were used on the inside. A great deal of cutting was necessary as the fire had worked between the walls and into various inaccessible places. Rats and matches are supposed to have been responsible. The building is owned by the heirs of William P. Sheffield, and the lower floor is occupied by a saloon, while the upper floors are used for a boarding house.

A Complete Failure.

The Portsmouth Coal Mines have been abandoned, and it will take a pretty courageous man, or we might say a fool-hardy man to open them up again. This experiment has cost somebody more than two millions of dollars. This was probably the most expensive attempt ever made to work these mines, and the failure is apparently complete. There is nothing there of value but the land for which the company paid a high price, some old machinery and a lot of houses for which there is no use and would sell for but little. Probably the promoters made some money out of this transaction by selling stock to unwise parties, but outside of that nobody made anything except those who sold their land for big prices and those who got a year or two rental for land leased. It is reported that Gov. Foss of Massachusetts is one of the biggest losers in this mine failure, as he had over one hundred thousand shares of the stock, on which he paid one or more payments besides the original purchase price.

Still They Come.

People will come to Newport even if the narrow and playmate action of the Providence Steamboat Company does try to stop them. This week thousands have visited the beach from all parts of New England. The Providence, Fall River and Newport line showed its characteristic meanness this week by declining to run low priced excursions to Newport unless the beach authorities would pay for the advertising and then only allowed a slow going, uncomfortable boat for that purpose. Still the people come in spite of obstacles. Every day this week beginning Sunday, has been a great day.

The annual loan exhibition of antiquities and heliograms at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society is attracting much attention. Miss Tilley, the librarian of the society has succeeded in getting together a finer collection than ever, and it is really surprising to see how many valuable articles of real historic interest can be collected in a small city of the size of Newport. One section of the exhibit is devoted to articles connected with Oliver Hazard Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie and this is of especial interest, at this time. The exhibition will continue into next week.

Naval Committee Here.

The House committee on naval affairs has been in Newport this week, and the members were handsomely entertained by the city of Newport, officers of the Navy, and by summer cottagers, going away with a delightful visit of Newport hospitality, besides being deeply impressed with the advantages of Narragansett Bay as a great naval base. Although the members of the committee were very careful not to commit themselves on the Narragansett Bay project, the general idea of those who came into contact with them was that their preconceived notions had undergone somewhat of a change, and if politics could be forgotten there is no doubt but that Narragansett Bay would get its big plant.

The members of the naval committee, Hon. L. P. Padgett of Tennessee, chairman, arrived on the despatch boat Mayflower on Wednesday afternoon. There were seventeen in number, and were accompanied by several attaches. On their arrival the customary calls were exchanged, and then the committee went ashore at the Training Station where a battalion drill was given in their honor. They were later entertained at tea and had a fine opportunity to look over the lower portion of Narragansett Bay.

In the evening occurred the banquet tendered to the committee by the City of Newport. This was given at Burger's and was an elaborate affair. Mayor MacLeod had full charge of the arrangements and issued the invitations to officers of the army and navy and representative citizens to meet the committee.

The guests were received as they entered by Mayor MacLeod, Alderman Ledy and Chairman Harvey of the representative council, and there was a short time for general "getting acquainted" before the dinner. The dining tables were placed in the large pavilion, and looked very attractive. The speakers table ran the length of the room with two other tables at right angles with it, all being spread with Rumbler cases, which were the main scheme of decoration. The American colors were everywhere in evidence, and Japanese lanterns added a festive touch to the picture.

An excellent dinner was served, after which Mayor MacLeod spoke a few words of welcome to the committee, and then presented Chairman L. P. Padgett of Tennessee as the first speaker. Mr. Padgett proved to be a man of very considerable eloquence, and his flowery address caught the favor of his hearers, although he was very careful not to commit himself regarding the Narragansett Bay development. He was followed by Admiral French E. Chadwick, who read a short address upon the navy treating it particularly from a historical standpoint. He showed how the navy was responsible for the birth of the nation as well as for its preservation during the Civil War, as well as touching upon its service during the War of 1812, and the War with the Barbary States.

Congressman O'Shaunessy of Rhode Island was his usual happy vein, welcoming his colleagues to his home district. He dwelt upon the advantages of Narragansett Bay as a great naval station, and spoke enthusiastically in favor of a great navy. He was followed by Congressman Witherspoon of Mississippi, who talked for a considerable time on the strict requirements for the advancement of naval officers into positions of high command. The last speaker was Congressman Roberts of Massachusetts, one of the few Republicans on the committee, and he had a little fun with his Democratic colleagues. He did not make matters on the Narragansett Bay project, but was very evidently disposed to hang on to the navy yard in Massachusetts, telling Mr. O'Shaunessy that if he would let the older yards alone he might get something for Narragansett Bay. Mr. Roberts is a strong advocate of a powerful navy and was strong in his condemnation of the narrow policy of economy in naval construction, showing that the greatest economy was to be prepared to avoid a war by being prepared for it.

Those present at the dinner were as follows:

Mayor William MacLeod, Congressman Lemuel P. Padgett, chairman of the committee; Congressman Thomas B. Butler, Rear Admiral Charles J. Hager, Rear Admiral William B. Caperton, Alderman John E. Ledy, William R. Harvey, chairman of the Representative council; Former Senator George Peabody Wetmore, Congressman J. F. C. Talbot, Rear Admiral Nathaniel Usher, Rear Admiral Francis E. Chadwick, Alderman T. C. Albro, Jr., Alderman Frank J. Hughes, Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson, Rear Admiral L. C. Logan, Hon. Erben W. Roberts, Congressman Albert Estopinal, Alderman M. H. Kelly, Alderman Joseph Kirby, Captain William L. Rodgers, Captain William S. Sims, Congressman Daniel P. Rioridan, Congressman William J. Browning, Colonel C. H. Hunter, Captain Roger Welles, Hon. John R. Farr, Congressman Samuel J. Trible, Captain William McCarthy Little, Medical Inspector Fields, Congressman Samuel A.

Witherspoon, Congressman Fred A. Britton, Colonel J. H. Willard, Commander O. J. Hughes, Congressman Patrick H. Kelley, Congressman Walter L. Hensley, Commander George H. Williams, Captain Allen D. Raymond, Congressman Frank Buchanan, Congressman William D. Stephens, Postmaster R. S. Burlingame, Commodore Blodgett T. Gerry, Congressman E. L. Balthasar, Congressman Robert E. Lee, Former Congressman William E. Sheffield, Congressman George E. O'Shaunessy, Congressman W. E. Williams, Hon. John J. Mitchell, Congressman Peter G. Gerry, Representative John H. Sullivan, Hon. Elvira Theall, Hon. W. J. Padgett, Mr. Harry A. Titus, president of the Board of Trade, Former Mayor Patrick J. Boyle, Mr. Moore, Mr. Byron, Mr. A. A. Vale, Representative Fletcher W. Lawton, Representative William A. Maher, Street Commissioner J. K. Sullivan, Representative E. B. Coggeshall, Representative Max Levy, Hon. P. J. Murphy, Mr. L. K. Carr, Mr. P. T. Pitman, Mr. A. H. Sautour, City Solicitor J. A. Sullivan, City Clerk F. N. Fullerton, Chief of Police J. H. Crowley and Mr. Louis A. McElwain.

Thursday morning the greater part of the committee went down for a short trip in a sub-marine and were greatly impressed with the experience. Later they went to Coddington's Cove to see torpedo practice. In the afternoon they were taken for auto rides about the city as guests of the city of Newport, stopping for a time at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Currier James, where a fine view of the whole country was obtained. In the evening, Congressman Gerry entertained the committee, prominent naval officers and Democratic leaders in the State at a dinner at Squantum. The occasion was a most enjoyable one. The program for Friday included a thorough inspection of the naval station here, and a luncheon with Admiral Caperton at noon. The Mayflower was scheduled to depart with the committee Friday afternoon.

Two Auto Accidents.

Inexperienced driving of an automobile Sunday afternoon was responsible for the loss of a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Ernest Voigt, and a narrow escape from serious injury for his daughter, Miss Rose Voigt. David M. Rubin of Chelsea had a new automobile which he was learning to operate, an experienced chauffeur being on the seat beside him to give instruction. Mr. Voigt and his family on horse back were returning from their usual Sunday afternoon at their farm in Middletown. A Providence electric car was moving along its tracks at the usual rate of speed. The three approached the vicinity of Vernon avenue and Broadway at about the same time, and Mr. Rubin became disconcerted at the proximity of the horses and the electric car. He lost control of his auto and it dashed into the horse ridden by Miss Voigt throwing the horse against the electric car, with Miss Voigt partially beneath the animal. She was quickly freed, with only slight injuries, but the horse had to be shot at once to ease its suffering.

Mr. Rubin went to the Police Station and expressed deep regret at the accident and announced his willingness to settle for all loss. He left his car in Newport as security and returned to Boston by rail. The horse that was killed was a very valuable animal and was a great favorite with all of Mr. Voigt's family.

There was another accident Monday morning, when a funeral party was struck by an auto and the occupants of the carriage had a narrow escape from serious injury. The family of Mr. Edward F. Delaney were returning from a funeral in one of George P. Lawton's carriages. They were proceeding along Van Zandt avenue, when an automobile express wagon from Sandy Point Farm came out from Congdon avenue and crashed into them. The horses were thrown into the gutter and one had to be killed. The occupants of the carriage were considerably shaken up and were much alarmed, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

Recent Deaths.

"Sunny" Johnson.

Henry C. Johnson, a well known expressman, formerly field driver and pound-keeper, known to half the population of Newport as "Sunny Johnson," died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday after a considerable illness. Born in Georgetown, D. C., 61 years ago, he had lived in Newport for the past forty years, and had become well known. Cheerful of disposition, possessed of a heavy voice and a hearty laugh, Sunny Johnson had endeared himself to many. In his younger days he was a skillful ball player, being one of the ablest pitchers that ever stepped into the box on a Newport field. His later years had been passed to the express business, with a short service as pound keeper and field driver. He was a member of Canochri Lodge, G. U. O. of O. F.

The lunch carts have been ordered off Washington Square in the day time. It is about time.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Aquidneck Grange observed an evening on "Patriotism" at its recent meeting presenting an interesting program. The program was as follows: Invocation, Rev. E. E. Wells; Bible reading, Worthy Chaplain Mrs. Elsie Clark Peckham; general singing of "America," Mrs. Fred P. Webber, piano, Mr. Frank T. Peckham, cornet, reading, Miss Nellie H. Peckham; roll call of officers with brief patriotic selections; blackboard exercise "What is Patriotism?" replies by ten young girls who worked out the word "Patriotism" in red, white, and blue chalk; piano selection, Miss Eloise Peckham; two readings, Miss Edith M. Peckham; "The History of Peace," Miss Sarah A. E. Peckham; recitations with chorus, three young girls; a description of our flag and prominent items concerning it in the form of questions by a girl, answers by a boy, followed by the flag salute by a group of children and the general singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." During this a large American flag was unfurled at the ceiling. Piano number, by Miss Janet Peckham, reading, by Senior Vice Commander William S. Slocum of Lawton Warren Post, G. A. R., general singing, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." The piano numbers were by two young girls and were of unusual merit. Two games concluded the program. Light refreshments were served.

No regular meeting of the Grange will be held again until August 23, a picnic taking place next Thursday, July 24, at the Albro Woods, Mitchell's Road. The annual State Grange Field Day at Lime Rock will be held August 14.

On Sunday, a solid silver plate was placed upon the new organ at the Methodist Episcopal Church with the following inscription, "A gift from Alfred Vanderbilt to the Middletown Methodist Episcopal Church, installed May 1913." Recent additions and improvements about the choir gallery form a memorial to the late Mrs. Nathan Brown, a member of this church. This includes in particular, a handsome brass railing with green plush curtains which enclose the choir space. The gift was made through Mrs. Brown's four daughters. Mr. C. L. Roy Grinnell, has recently been secured for the evening services also through July and August. On next Sunday, the evening service will be devoted to "Temperance," the speakers to be Messrs. Fred P. Webber, Joseph A. Peckham, and R. Wallace Peckham. The annual church picnic has been set for Tuesday, August 5, at Bethshan in the Woods.

Mrs. William Lovie Tilley of Newport is visiting her brother-in-law, James T. Peckham and family.

Miss Louise Mason Hart of Newport has been quite ill the past two weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart. Her condition seems to be that of a nervous breakdown.

The closing session for the summer of the Newport County Pomona Grange was held at Fair Hall Tuesday, Worthy Master Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton presiding. A discussion upon the State Grange Scholarship at Kingston College by State Master Joseph A. Peckham resulted in its being voted to send general information to each of the local granges in the hope that some may avail themselves of this aid as no applications have as yet been received by President Edwards. The competitors must be sons or daughters of grange members. An appreciative letter was read from Professor A. E. Stone of the College for the offer of a \$5.00 prize for the best corn grown in the County. Worthy Master Mrs. Wilcox announced as the local committee, George Howland from Canochri, George William S. Slocum from Aquidneck, Grange, Warren H. Sherman of Portsmouth Grange, William T. Wood of Aquidneck Grange, Horace L. Almy of Aquidneck Grange, and George H. Simmons of Little Compton Grange. Members of the County were invited to attend a clam bake at Island Park July 28 under the auspices of Nanauket Grange. A basket lunch was served at noon. The afternoon session was devoted to a roll call, "Farm Accounts," and readings. The next meeting will be held at Little Compton October 21.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church met with unusual success at their annual lawn party on Tuesday. The sales tables included lemonade, ice cream and cake, in tons out of doors, and fancy work, aprons, and candy, in the large Sunday School room. An appetizing salad supper was served. The Harry K. Howard orchestra of Newport furnished music. The lawn party was under the general supervision of the president of the League, William Livesey Brown.

Mrs. Karl M. Stone and children and her younger sister, Mrs. George Klapthor both of New York are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham are entertaining Mrs. Peckham's mother, Mrs. Eloise K. Fisher of New York.

Mr. Jos. A. Peckham, one of the large market gardeners, carried to Newport on Friday a crate of strawberries. The variety is of an unusual kind that ripens late.

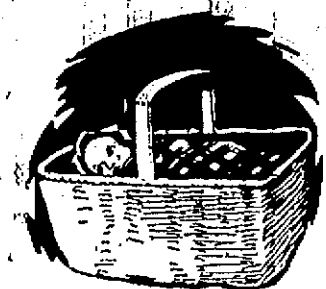
Redwood Library.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year:

President—J. Fred Pierant.
Vice President—Rev. Roderick Taylor.
Secretary—Alfred G. Loagley.
Treasurer—Thomas P. Peckham.
Directors—Darius Baker, French E. Chadwick, Arthur B. Eames, Mrs. Everett, Daniel B. Fearing, Mrs. Charles C. Gardner, Arthur Corlis James, Stephen B. Luce, Augustus MeLeod, Thomas P. Peckham, William P. Sheffield, William S. Sherman, Elizabeth H. Swallow, Hamilton B. Tompkins, J. Laurence Van Allen.

DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER XI.

"Hit the Road!"

I DIDN'T exactly faint there, but things got all mixed for me, and when they were straightened out again I was in a hospital. It seems I had been considerably stepped on in that fight, and three ribs were broken. I was in a plaster cast, and before I got out of that I was in a fever. I was some weeks getting out of there.

I tried to get some word of Dr. Kirby, but couldn't. Nothing had been heard of him or the balloon. The newspapers had had stuff about it for a day or two, and they guessed the body might come to light some time. But that was all. And I didn't know where to hunt now.

The horses and wagon and tent and things worried me some, too. They wasn't mine, and so I couldn't sell 'em. And they wasn't no good to me without Dr. Kirby. So I tella the man that owns the livery stable to use the team for his board and keep till Dr. Kirby calls for it, and if he never does me by I will sometime.

I didn't want to stay in that town, or I could of got a job in the livery stable. They offered me one, but I hated that town. I wanted to light out. I didn't care much where to.

When Blanchet brothers had left a good share of the money we took in at the balloon ascension with the hospital people for me before they cleared out. But before I left that there town I seen they was one thing I had to do to make myself easy in my mind. So I done her.

That was to hunt up that feller with his eye in the patch. It took me a week to find him. He lived down near some railroad yards. I might of soaked him with a coupling pin, and felt a hull lot better. But I didn't guess it would do to pot and pampier my feelings too much. So I does it with my fists in a quiet place and does it very complete and leaves that town in a little car, feeling a hull lot more contented in my mind.

Then they was a hull dern year I didn't stay nowhere very long, nor work at any one job too long, neither. I just worked from place to place, seeing things—big towns and rivers and mountains. Working here and there, and loading and riding blind baggage and freight trains between jobs. I covered a lot of ground that year and made some purty big jumps and got acquainted with some awful queer folks first and last.

But the worst of that is lots of people gets to thinking I am a hobo. Even one or two judges in police courts I got acquainted with had that there idea of me. I always explain that I am not one and am just traveling around to see things and work when I feels like it and ain't no hobo. But frequent I am not believed. And two or three different times I gets to the place where I couldn't hardly of told myself from a hobo if I hadn't of 'skinned I wasn't one.

I got 'right well' acquainted with some of them hoboes too. As far as I can see they is as much difference in them as in other humans. Some travels because they likes to see things, and some because they hates to work, and some because they is in the habit and can't stop it. Well, I know myself it's purty hard after awhile to stop it, but where would you stop it? What excuse is they to stop one place more'n another? I met all kinds of 'em, and once I got in fur a week with a couple of real Johnny Yeggs that is both in the pen now. I hear a feller say one time there is some good in every man. I went the same way as them two yeggsmen a hull dern week to try and find out where the good in 'em was. I guess they must be some mistake somewhere, fur I looked hard and I watched close and I never found it. They is many kinds of hoboes and tramps, professional and amateur, and lots of kinds of bums and lots of young fellers working their way around to see things, like I was, and lots of workmen in hard luck going from place to place, and all their kinds is humans. But the real yeggsman ain't even a dog.

One morning I was in a good sized town in Illinois, not a hundred miles from where I was raised, without no money, and my clothes not much to look at, and no job. I had been with a railroad show fur about two weeks. Driving stakes and other rough work, and it had went off and left me sleeping on the ground. Circumstances never waits for nothing nor cares a dern fur no one. I tried all day around town fur to get some kind of a job and got one loading boxes at a freight depot. Lifting one of them boxes down from the wagon I got such a shock I like to of dropped her.

Fur she was addressed to Dr. Hart, Q. Y. L. Kirby, Atlanta, Ga.

I managed to get that box onto the platform without busting her, and then I sets down on top of her awful weak. I was tickled. Ticked? Jest so tickled, I was plumb foolish with it. The doctor was alive after all. I kept saying it over and over to myself. He hadn't drowned nor blowed away. And I was going to hunt him up.

I calculated I could grab a ride that very night that would put me into Evansville the next morning. I figured if I ketcha a through freight from there on the next night I might set where he was almost as quick as

them bottles did.

At 10 that night I was in an empty bumping along south along with a cross eyed feller named Looney Hogan, who was traveling the same way.

Riding on trains without paying fare ain't always the easy thing it sounds. It is like a trade that has got to be learned. They is different ways of doing it. I have done every way free-



I Got Such a Shock I Like to of Dropped Her.

quent, except one. That I give up after trying her two, three times. That is riding the rods down underneath the cars, with a piece of board put across 'em to lay yourself on.

I never want to go anywhere agin and enough to ride the rods.

This feller Looney Hogan that was with me was a kind of a harmless critter, and he didn't know jest where he was going, nor why. He was mostly scared of things, and if you spoke to him quick, he shivered first and then grinned idiotic so you wouldn't kick him, and when he talked he had a silly little giggle. He had been made that way in a reform school where they took him young and tried to work the cussedness out'n him by bating him around. They worked it out and purty nigh everything else along with it. I guess, Looney had had a partner whose name was Slim, he said. But a couple of years before Slim had fell overboard off'n a barge up to Duluth and never come up agin. Looney knowed Slim was drowned all right, but he was always traveling around looking at tanks and freight depots and switch shanties fur Slim's mark to be fresh out with a knife somewhere, so he would know where to follow and ketch up with him agin.

Looney left me at Evansville. He said he was going east from there, he guessed. And I went along south. But I was hindered considerable, being put off of trains three or four times and having to grab these here slow local freights between towns all the way down through Kentucky. Anywhere south of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi river trainmen is groucher to them they thinks is bums than north of it anyhow. And in some parts of it if a real bum gets pinched heaven help 'im, fur nothing else won't.

One night between 12 and 1 o'clock I was put off of a freight train for the second time in a place in the northern part of Tennessee, right near the Kentucky line. I got into a lumber yard to rest.

It was a dark night, and so fur as I could see they wasn't much moving in that town. Only a few places was lit up. One was way across the town square from me, and it was the telephone exchange, with a man operator reading a book in there. The other was the telegraph room in the depot about a hundred yards from me, and they was only two fellers in it, both smoking. The main business part of the town was built up around the square.

I knowed they was likely a watchman somewhere about too. I guessed I wouldn't wander around none and run no chances of getting took up by him. So I was getting ready to lay down on top of a level pile of boards and go to sleep when I hear a curious kind of noise away off. Like it must be at the edge of town.

It sounded like quite a bunch of cattle might shuffling along a dusty road. The night was so quiet you could hear things plain from a long ways off. It growed a little louder and a little nearer, and then it struck a plank bridge somewhere and come across it with a clatter. Then I knowed it wasn't cattle. Cows and steers don't make that cantering kind of noise as a rule; they trot. It was horses crossing that bridge, and they was quite a lot of 'em.

As they struck the dirt road agin I hear a shot. And then another and another. Then a dozen all to once, and away off through the night a woman screamed.

Men's voices began to yell out. They was the noise of people running along plank sidewalks and windows opening in the dark. Then with a rush the galloping noise come nearer, come closer;

raced by the place where I was hiding, and nigh a hundred men with guns swept right into the middle of that square and pulled their horses up.

CHAPTER XII.

Night Rider Work.

I SEEN the feller from the telephone exchange run down the street a little ways as the first rush hit the square and drop his pistol away. Then he turned and made fur an alleyway, but as he turned they let him have it. He throwed up his arms and made one long stagger right across the bar of light that streamered out of the windows, and he fell into the shadow, out of sight, jest like a scorched moth drops dead into the darkness from a torch.

Out of the middle of that bunch of riders come a big voice, yelling numbers, instead of men's names. Then different crowds lit out in all directions—some on foot, while others held their horses—for they seemed to have a plan laid ahead.

And then things began to happen. They happened so quick and with such a whirl it was all unreal to me—shouts and shouts and windows breaking as they blazed away at the store fronts all around the square, and orders and cues words ringing out between the noise of shooting, and with electric lights shining on them as they tossed and trampled, and showing up masked faces here and there, and pounding hoofs and horses screaming like humans with excitement, and spurts of flame squirting sudden out of the ring of darkness round about the open place.

From way down along the railroad track they come a sort of blunted roar, like blasting big stumps out, and then another and another. Purty soon, down that way, a slim figure flicked up the side of a big building there and crooked his tongue over the top. Then a second big building right beside it ketcha fire, and they both showed up in their own light, big and angry and handsome, and the light showed up the men in front of 'em, too—guarding 'em, I guess, fur fear the town would get its nerve and make a light to put 'em out. It was tobacco burning in them warehouses.

But that town had some light in her in spite of being took unexpected that way. It wasn't no coward town. The light from the burning buildings made all the shadows around about seem all the darker. And every once in awhile, after the surprise of the first rush, they would come thin little streaks of fire out of the darkness somewhere and the sound of shots. And then a gang of riders would gallop in that direction, shooting up all creation. But by the time the warehouses was all lit up so that you could see they was no hope of putting them out the shooting from the darkness had jest about stopped.

It looked like them big tobacco warehouses was the main object of the raid. Fur when they was burning past all chance of saving the leader shines out an order, and all that is not on their horses jumps on, and they rides away from the blaze. You bet I laid low on them boards while they was going by, and flattened myself out till I felt like a shingle.

As I hear their hoof sounds getting farther off I lifts up my head agin. But they wasn't all gone either. Three that must have been up to some purty devilry of their own come galloping across the square to ketch up with the main bunch. Two was quite a bit ahead of the third one, and he yelled to them to wait. But they only laughed and rode harder.

And then fur some fool reason that last feller pulled up his horse and stopped. He stopped in the road right in front of me and wheeled his horse across the road and stood up in his stirrups and took a long look at the blaze. He stood still fur most a minute like that, black agin the red sky, and then he turned his horse's head and jabbed him with his stirrup edge.

Jest as the boss started they come a shot somewhere behind me. The horse jumped forward at the shot, and the feller swung sideways and dropped his gun and lost his stirrups and come down heavy on the ground. His horse galloped off. I heard the noise of some one running off through the dark and stumbling agin the lumber. It was the feller who had fired the shot running away. I suppose he thought the rest of them riders would come back when they heard that shot and hunt him down. But purty soon I hear them all crossing that plank bridge agin and knowed they was gone.

At first I guessed the feller on the ground must be dead. But he wasn't, fur purty soon I hear him groan. He had mebbe been stunned by his fall and was coming too enough to feel his pain.

I didn't feel like he order be left there. So I clumb down and went over to him. He was lying on one side all kind of buddled up. There had been a mark on his face, like the rest of them, with some hair onto the bottom of it to look like a beard. But now it had slipped down till it hung loose around his neck by the string. They was enough light to see he wasn't nothing but a young feller. He raised himself slow as I come near him, leaning on one arm and trying to set up. The other arm hung loose and helpless. Half setting up that way, he made a feel at his belt with his good hand, as I come near. But that good arm was his prop, and when he took it off the ground he fell back. His hand come away empty from his belt.

The big six shooter he had been feeling fur wasn't in his holster, neither. It had fell out when he tumbled. I picked it up in the road jest a few feet from his shotgun and stood there with it in my hand, looking down at him.

"Well," he says, in a drawly kind of voice, "yo' can finish yo' little job now—yo' shot me from the darkness, and now yo' done got my pistol. I reckon yo' better shoot agin."

"Reckon," I says, "you got nerve. I like you. No I didn't shoot you, and I ain't going to. The feller that did has went. I'm going to get you out of this. Where you hurt?"

"Hup," he says, "but that ain't much. The thing that bothers me is this arm. It's done busted. I fell on it."

of the lumber pile I had been laying on, and hurt him considerable a-doing it.

"Now," I says, "what can I do fur you?"

"Yo' mighty good to me," says he, "considering yo' are no kin to this here part of the country at all. I reckon by yo' talk yo' are one of them d—Yankees, ain't yo'?"

That there was was fought forty years ago, but some of them fellers down there don't know d— and Yankees is two words yet; but, shuck! They don't mean no harm by it. So I tells him I am a d— Yankee and asks him agin if I can do anything fur him.

"Yes," he says, "yo' can tell a friend of mine Bud Davis has happened to an accident and get him over here quick with his wagon to tote me home."

I was to go down the railroad track past them burning warehouses till I come to the third street and then turn to my left. The third house from the track has got an iron picket fence in front of it," says Bud, "and it's the only house in that part of town which has. Beaugard, People lives there. He is kin to me."

"Yes," I says, "and Beaugard is jest as likely as not going to take a shot at me."

"He won't shoot," says Bud, "if yo' go about it right. Beaugard ain't going to be asleep with all this going on in town tonight. Yo' rattle on the iron gate and he'll holler to know what yo' all want."

"If he don't shoot first," I says,

"When he hollers yo' cry back at him yo' have found his old dead horse in the road. It won't hurt to holler that loud; and that will make him let you within talking distance."

"His old dead horse?"

"Yo' don't need to know what that is. He will."

And then Bud told me enough of the signs and words to say and things to do to keep Beaugard from shooting—he said he reckoned he had trusted me so much he might as well go the hull hog. Beaugard, he says, belongs to them riders too.

I made a long half circle around them burning buildings, keeping in the dark, fur people was coming out in bunches, now that it was all over with, watching them fires burning and talking excited and saying the riders should be fellered—only not fellered.

I found the house Bud meant, and they was a light in the second story window. I rattled on the gate and after a lot of talk told Beaugard what I wanted.

"Come on in," he says.

He shut the door behind us and lighted a lamp agin. And we looked each other over. He was a scrawny little feller, with little gray eyes set near together and some sandy complexion, whiskers on his chin. I told him about Bud and what his fix was. He said:

"I don't see how on arth I kin do it. My wife's jest had a baby. Do yo' hear that?"

And I did hear a sound, like kittens mewling, somewhere upstairs.

"Yes," I says, "you better stay with it. I'll lend me a rig of some sort and I'll take Bud home."

So we went out to Beaugard's stable with a lantern and hitched up one of his horses to a light road wagon. He went into the house and come back agin with a mattress fur Bud to lie on and a part of a bottle of whisky, and I drove back to that lumber pile. I guess I nearly killed Bud getting him into there. But he wasn't bleeding much from his hip—it was his arm was giving him fits.

We went slow, and the dawn broke with us four miles out of town. It was broad daylight and early morning noises stirring everywhere when we drove up in front of an old farmhouse, with big brick chimneys built on the outside of it, a couple of miles farther on.

As I drove into the yard a bareheaded old nigger with a game leg throwed down an awful of word he was gathering and went limping up to the veranda as fast as he could. He bawled out:

"Oh, Marse William! Oh, Miss Lucy! De've brung him home! Dar he!"

A little, bright, black eyed old lady like a wren comes running out of the house and chirps:

"Oh, Bud! Oh, my honey boy! Is he dead?"

"I reckon not, Miss Lucy," says Bud, raising himself up on the mattress as she runs up to the wagon, and trying to set like everything was all a joke. She was jest high enough to kiss him over the edge of the wagon box.

A worried looking old gentleman come out the door, seen Bud and his mother kissing each other, and then says to the old nigger man:

"Take the mare quick and go for Dr. Porter, George." Then he comes to the wagon and says:

"So they got yo', Bud? You would go night riding like a rowdy and a thug! Are yo' much hurt?"

He said it easy and gentle, more than mad. But Bud, he flushed up, pale as he was, and didn't answer his dad direct. He turned to his mother and said:

"Miss Lucy, dear, it would 'a' done yo' heart good to see the way them trust warehouses blazed up!"

And the old lady, smiling and crying both to once, says, "God bless her brave boy!" But the old gentleman looked mighty serious, and his worry settled into a frown between his eyes, and he turns to me and says:

"Yo' must pardon us, sir, fo' neglecting to thank yo' sooner." I told him that would be all right, fur him not to worry none. And him and me and Mandy, which was the nigger cook, got Bud into the house and into his bed. And after quite a while George gets back with Dr. Porter.

He sets Bud's arm and he locates the bullet in him, and he says he guesses he'll do in a few weeks if nothing like blood poisoning nor gangrene nor inflammation sets in.

I eat my breakfast with the old gentleman, and then I took a sleep until time fur dinner. They wouldn't hear of me leaving that night. I fully intended to go on the next day, but before I knowed it I been there a couple of days and have got very well acquainted with that family.

Well, that was a house divided agin itself. Miss Lucy she is awful favorable to all this night rider business."

She would of like to be a night rider herself, but the old man he says law and order is the main plat.

"But you were in the Kuklux Klan yo'self," says Miss Lucy.

The old man says the Kukluxes was working fur a principle—the principle of keeping the white supremacy on top of the nigger race, fur if you let 'em quit work and go around balloting and voting it won't do. It makes 'em biggity, and a biggity nigger is laying up trouble fur himself, because sooner or later he will get to thinking he is as good as one of these here Anglos. Saxtons you are always hearing so much talk about down south.

He was sure a very quiet, peaceable old man, Mr. Davis was, and Bud says he was so dern foolish about law and order he had to go and shoot a man about fifteen years ago who hearn him talking that way and said he reminded him of a Boston school teacher.

But Miss Lucy and Bud they tells me what all them night riders is fur. It seems this here tobacco trade is jest as mean and low down and unprincipled as all the rest of their trusts. The farmers around there raised considerable tobacco—more'n they did of anything else. This trust had shoved the price so low they couldn't hardly make a living. So they organized and said they would all hold their tobacco fur a fair price. But some of the farmers wouldn't organize—said they had a right to do what they pleased with their own tobacco. So the night riders was formed to burn their barns and ruin their crops and whip 'em and shoot 'em and make 'em flee, and also to burn a few trust warehouses now and then.

So fur as I could see they hadn't hurt the trust none to speak of, them night riders, but they had done considerable damage to their own country, fur folks was moving away, and the price of land had fell. Still, I guess they must of got considerable satisfaction out of raising the dance nights that way, and sometimes that is worth a hull lot to a feller. As fur as I could make out both the trust and the night riders was in the wrong.

I asks George one day what he thought about it. George, he got mighty serious right off, like he felt his answer was going to be used to decide the hull thing by. He was carrying a lot of scraps on a plate to a hound dog that had a kennel out near George's cabin, and he walled his eyes right thoughtful, and scratched his head with the fork he had been scraping the plate with, but fur awhile nothing come of it. Finally George says:

"I see spee' nash judgment des about de snine as Marse William's an' Miss Lucy's. I see notice hit mos' logn'ly an' de snine."

"That can't be, George," says I, "fur they think different ways."

"Den if dat am de case," says George, "dey ain't no one kin settle hit (well hit settles hitself)." Then he told me about the war and the Kukluxes, and he said:

"Den arter de Kukluxes dey was de time Miss Lucy Buckner gwine ter ma'by Marse Prent McKain. An' she don't want to ma'by him, if dey give her her druthers about hit. But of Marse Kunnel Hampton, her grampa, and her aunt, my Miss Lucy byah, dey ain't gwine give her no druthers. And dey was de gwines on. But dat settle hitself too."

George he begins to chuckle, and I ast him how.

"Eass, ash, dat settle hitself. But I 'spec' Miss Lucy Buckner done hep



No one kin settle hit twell hit settles hitself.

some in de settlement. Fob de day befob de wedding, was giving ter be she ups an' she runs off wid a Yankee feller, an' her brother, Kunnel Tom Buckner. An' I see 'spec' Kunnel Tom an' Marse Prent McKain would o' settle him if dey evah had o' catched him—dat dar David Armstrong!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Hampton's Story and Dr. Kirby Agin.

WELL, it give me quite a turn to run onto the mention of that there David Armstrong agin in this part of the country. Here he had been jitting Miss Hampton way up in Indiana and running away with another girl way down here in Tennessee. Then it struck me mebbe it is jest different parts of the same story I been hearing of, and Martha had got her part a little wrong.

"George," I says, "what did you say Miss Lucy Buckner's grappa's name was?"

"Kunnel Hampton—des de same as my Miss Lucy befob she done ma'ried Marse William."

That made me sure of it. It was the same woman. She had run away with David Armstrong from this here same place.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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DANNY'S OWN STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

neighborhood. Then after he got her up north he had left her—or her left him. And then she wasn't Miss Buckner no longer, and she was mad and wouldn't call herself Mrs. Armstrong. So she moved away from where any one was likely to trace her to and took her mother's maiden name, Hampton. "Well," I says, "what ever become of 'em after they ran off, George?" But George has told about all he knows. They went north, according to what everybody thinks, he says. Prent McManis, he followed and hunted, and Colonel Tom Buckner he done the same. For about a year Colonel Tom he was always making trips away from there to the north. But whether he ever got any track of his sister and that David Armstrong nobody knows. Nobody never asked him. Old Colonel Hampton he got tired and he got old, and not long after the run away he up and died. And Tom Buckner he finally sold all he owned in that part of the country and moved further south. George said he didn't rightly know whether it was Alabama or Florida, or it might of been Georgia. I think to myself that maybe Mrs. Davis would like to know where her place is, and that I better tell her about Miss Hampton being in that there little Indian town and where it is. And then I thinks to myself I better not butt in, for Miss Hampton has likely got her own reasons for keeping away from her folks or else she wouldn't do it.

It set me to thinking about Martha too. Not that I hadn't thought of her lots of times. I had often thought I would write her. But I kept putting it off, and pretty soon I kind of forgot Martha. Moving around the country so much makes it kind of hard to keep thinking steady of the same girl. Besides, I had lost that there half of a ring too. "But knowing what I did now about Miss Hampton being Mrs. Buckner—or Mrs. Armstrong—and related to these Davises made me want to get away from there. For that secret made me feel kind of sneaking, like I wasn't being frank and open with them. Yet if I had of told 'em I would of felt awkward yet for giving Miss Hampton away. I never got into a mixup, that's why betwixt my conscience and my duty but what it made me feel awful uncomfortable. So I guessed I would light out from there. They wasn't never no kinder, better people than them Davises either. They was so pleased with my bringing Rud home the night he was shot they would of just unthinkingly give me half their farm if I had of not them for it. They wanted me to stay there they didn't say for how long, and I guess they didn't give a darn. But I was in a sweat to catch up with Dr. Kirby again. I made pretty good time, and in a couple of days I was in Atlanta. I knowed the doctor must of come back into some branch of the medicine game—the bottles told me that.

It's hard work looking for a man in a good sized town. I hung around hotel lobbies and places till I was tired of it, thinking he might come in. And I looked through all the office buildings and read all the advertisements in the papers. Then the second day I was there the state fair started up and I went out to it.

I run across a couple I knowed out there the first thing—it was Watty and the snake charming woman. Only she wasn't charming them now. Her and Watty had a Parisian models' show. I sat Watty where Dolly was. He says he don't know, that Dolly has quit him. By which I guess he means he has quit her. I sat where Reginald is, and the Human Ostrich. But from the way they answered my questions I seen I wasn't welcome none around there. I suppose that Mrs. Ostrich and Watty had met up again somewhere, and had just patcharily run off with each other and left their families.

It was at the freight depot that I found Dr. Kirby, at last. Ticked? Well, yes. Both of us.

"Well, Dr. George," says he, "you're good for sore eyes."

Before he told me how he happened not to be drowned or blown away or anything he says we better fix up a bit. Which he meant I better. So he buys me duds from head to heel, and we goes to a Turkish bath place and I puts 'em on. And then we goes and eats. Hearty.

"Now," he says, "Fido Cutup, how did you find me?" [Authors Note—Can it be that Danny struggles vague to report some reference to Bona Achates?]

I told him about the bottles. "A dead loss, those bottles," he says. "I wanted some nonpareils ones for a little scheme I had in mind, and I had to get them at a certain place, and now the scheme's up in the air and I can't use 'em."

The doctor had changed some in looks in the year or more that had passed since I saw him floating away in that balloon. And not for the better. He told me how he had, blown clean across Lake Erie in that there balloon. And then when he got over land again and went to pull the cord that lets the parachute loose it wouldn't work at first. He jest natchurally drifted on into the midst of nowhere. He said—miles and miles into Canada. When he lit the balloon had lost so much gas and was flying so low that the parachute didn't open out quick enough to come down floating. So he lit hard and come near being knocked out for good. But that wasn't the worst of it, for the exposure had crawled into his lungs by the time he found a house, and he got pneumonia into him also and like to of died. Whilst I was laying sick he had been sick also, only his lasted much longer.

But he tells me he has jest struck an idea for a big scheme. No little schemes go for him any more, he says. He wants money, real money.

We left the restaurant and went along the bag street of that town, which it is awful proud of, past where the stores stops and the houses regains. We come to a fine looking house on a corner.

"This," says Dr. Kirby as we walk-

ed by, "is the house that Jackson built. Dr. Julius Jackson, old Dr. Jackson, the man with no idea. The idea made all the money you smell around here."

"What idea?"

"The idea, the glorious humanitarian and philanthropic idea, of taking the kinks and curls out of the hair of the Afro-American brother," says Dr. Kirby, "at so much per kink."

This Dr. Jackson, he says, sell what he calls Anti-Curl to the niggers. It is to straighten out their hair so it will look like white people's hair. They is millions and millions of niggers, and every nigger has millions and millions of kinks, and so Dr. Jackson has got rich. He must be worth \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000, Dr. Kirby says, and still a-making it, with more niggers growing up all the time for to have their hair unkinked, especially molasses and yaller niggers. Dr. Kirby says thinking what a great idea that Anti-Curl was give him his own great idea. They is a gold mine there, he says, and Dr. Julius Jackson has only scratched a little off the top of it, but he is going to dig deeper.

"Why is it that the Afro-American brother buys Anti-Curl?" he asks.

"Why?" I asks.

"Because," he says, "he wants to be as much like a white man as he possibly can. He strives to burst his birth's infectious bar, Danny. They talk about progress and education for the Afro-American brother and uplift and advancement and industrial education and manual training and all that sort of thing, especially we northerners. But what the Afro-American brother longs about and dreams about and thinks at all—is to be white. We'll put up and sell a preparation to turn the negroes white!"

That was his great idea. He was more excited over it than I ever seen him before about anything.

It sounded like so easy a way to get rich it made me wonder why no one had ever done it before, if it could really be worked. I didn't believe much it could be worked.

But Dr. Kirby he says he has begun his experiments already with arsenic. Arsenic, he says, will bleach anything. Only, he is kind of afraid of arsenic too. If he could only get hold of something that didn't cost much and that would whiten them up for a little while, he says, it wouldn't make no difference if they did get black again. This here Anti-Curl stuff works like that—it takes the kinks out for a little while, and they come back again. But that don't seem to hurt the sale none. It only calls for more of Dr. Jackson's medicine.

The doctor takes me around to the place he bought it and shows me a bigger water he has been experimenting on. He had told the nigger's fine to a police court, for slapping another nigger some with a knife and kept him from going into the chain gang. So the nigger agreed he could use his hide to try different kinds of medicines on. He was a velvet looking chocolate colored kind of nigger to start with, and the best Dr. Kirby had been able to do so far was to make a few little liver colored spots come on to him. But it was making the nigger sick, and the doctor was afraid to go too far with it, for Sam might die and we would be at the expense of another nigger. Peroxide of hydrogen hadn't even phased him. Nor a lot of other things we tried on to him.

Which he finally struck it. I don't exactly know what she had in her, but she was a mixture of some kind. The only trouble with her was she didn't work equal and even—left Sam's face looking peeled and spotty in places. But still to them spots Sam was six shades lighter. The doctor says that is just what he wants; that there passing on to the next race we have the spotted-plumage look, as he calls it. The chocolate brown and the lighter spots side by side, he says, made a regular Before and After out of Sam's face, and was the best advertisement you could have.

Then we went and has a talk with Dr. Jackson himself. Dr. Kirby has the idea written in will put some money into it. Dr. Jackson he looks Sam over very thoughtful, and he says:

"Yes, it will do the work well enough. I can see that. But will it sell?"

Doctor Kirby makes him quite a speech. I never brain him make a better one. Dr. Jackson he listens very calm, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and winking his eyebrows up and down like he enjoyed it. But he don't get excited none. Finally Dr. Kirby says he will undertake to show that it will sell, and him will make a trip down into the black country—ourselves and show what can be done with it and take Sam along for an object lesson.

Well, they was a lot of me chewing Dr. Jackson don't wait up none, and he asks a million questions—like how much it costs a bottle to make it, and what was his idea how much it would sell for. He says finally if we can sell a certain number of bottles in so long a time he will put some money into it. Only, he says, they will be a stock company, and he will have to have 51 per cent of the stock or he won't put no money into it. He says if things go well he will let Dr. Kirby be manager of that company and let him have some stock in it, too, and he will be president and treasurer of it himself.

Dr. Kirby, he didn't like that and said so. Said he was going to organize that stock company and control it himself. But Dr. Jackson said he never put money into nothing he couldn't run. So it was settled we would give the stuff a tryout and report to him. Before we went away from there it looked to me like Dr. Kirby and me was going to work for this here Dr. Jackson instead of making all these millions for ourselves. Which I didn't take much to that Anti-Curl man myself; he was so cold blooded like.

I didn't like the scheme itself any too well neither—not any way you could look at it. In the first place, it seemed like a mean trick on the niggers. Then I didn't much believe we could get away with it.

The more I looked him over the more

I seen Dr. Kirby had changed considerably. When I first knowed him he liked to hear himself talking and he liked to live free and easy and he liked to be running around the country and all them things, more'n he liked to be making money.

But now he was thinking money and dreaming money and talking of nothing but how to get it. He was willing to take up with most any wild scheme to make it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Angry Maid.

The butter had refused to come. And, with an angry gleam in both her eyes, the dairy maid Got mad and whipped the cream.

—Schenectady Star.

And when she found the punished cream Would neither scream nor beg Elsewhere she turned her cruelty And beat a feeble egg.

—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

And, still on cruelty intent— The maid begins to thicken— When hunger's pangs began to gnaw She smothered her a chicken.

—Houston Post.

Driven to such dire despair, This maid—oh, such a fate, oh!— She madly grabbed a rolling pin And mashed a hot potato.

—Lake Charles Times.

And, not content with all this crime, 'This servant maid so bruised Walked over to the table and Commenced to stone a rabbit.

—Florida Times-Union.

It Often Does.

True story about a schoolboy in a Cleveland public school. The boy brought home his report card on Friday. His parents looked it over and noticed a blank in the place where the mark for deportment should have been. "How is this?" asked the father. "You have no mark for deportment."

"Oh," answered the child brightly, "we don't take that subject this year. That comes in next year's course."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Man of Many Tags.

He has tags on his suit cases from foreign hotels. The big ones in Europe that harbor the wells. Both blue tags and pink tags, both red tags and brown.

From every far city and port of renown; Some are from Egypt and some from Rhine.

From Venice and Piedmont and hot Sicily, Some from Seville and some from the Rhine.

And some with a romantic Russian design— He has tags from the Swiss hotels by the mile.

He has tags from the Thames to the slow moving Nile, Yet with all of these tags from the great far away

He has never been outside of Noodles, N. J.

—New York Sun.

Something Wrong.

Friend—Why, Elvira, what's the matter? Elvira—Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet!

Friend—She doesn't?

Elvira—No; not a word! She must be in love with my husband!—London Opinion.

The Old Romans.

Cæsar was in politics. Had a dent in his forehead. Lived at No. 55 On the Appian way.

Brutus kept a butcher shop; He was round and fat. Cæsar oftentimes would drop In there for a chat.

Cassius used to sell cigars He could argue some, And was known in all the bars In that part of Rome.

People differed little then. These old chaps, we see, Were just plain, hard working men, Much like you and me.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Was Honest.

Watchful Mother—It looked very much as though young Mr. Hoggins was stealing a kiss when I saw your heads so close together.

Confound Daughter—I wouldn't put it that way. He may have thoughtlessly embezzled a few, but I'm sure he'll repent and have them with him the next time he calls.—Chicago News.

The Happy Man.

The cave man, when he picked a house. Let all the flabulous slide; He never felt indebted for The agent's auto ride.

He never had to choose between Wide types of architecture. He was a happy man, therefore, And that's no mere conjecture.

The bungalow was not in vogue; There was no style, no French Annex; And real estate was scarce.

Were terms unknown to man. Oh, happy was the buyer then, Ere knowledge lit his torches.

For chiefest joy among them all— There were no sleeping porches.

—Denver Republican.

His Modest Request.

Castell Guest (in restaurant, after waiting a long time for his order)—Say, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir.

B. G.—Would you mind bringing me a little something to go with my knife and fork and spoon?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Relations.

Everybody has some uncles. Or some cousins or some aunts. Who are something big in politics Or religion or finance.

Furthermore, by the same token We have seldom known it fall; Nearly all of us have kinkles Who are or else who ought to be—but why speak of them?

—Chicago Daily News.

Not Much of a Gardener.

The Mercury.

Published by Mercury Publishing Co.

Office Telephone 151
Home Telephone 153

Saturday, July 19, 1913.

The tax rate of the city of Salem, Mass., this year will be \$20.50 on a \$1000. Newporters would kick at that rate.

Authors and college professors are in it with the Administration. It is well, in this line of appointments the President has acted wisely.

The Providence Journal is happy. President Mellon has resigned from the presidency of the New Haven road and the Journal says "I did it."

The Turks can look on with smiling faces and see the Balkan Allies killing themselves off by the thousands at their light over the division of the spoils.

The thermometer in some parts of the middle West this week registered 112°. At the same time it was snowing in New Mexico. This is certainly some country.

Gov. Ross of Massachusetts, it is now said on good authority, will run independent for Governor this fall. Well, Ross has tried all the parties, he might as well have one of his own now.

The leading senators say that there will be no currency legislation at this session of Congress. It is well that it should be so unless we can have a better measure than that proposed by Wilson and Bryan.

Bryan says he cannot live on his salary of twelve thousand a year and therefore must go to lecturing to get more money. Pity about Bryan. If he cannot live on his salary why don't he resign? Nobody would weep.

Bryan now says, while he might possibly scrape through on twelve thousand five hundred a year, but being of a frugal turn of mind he wants to lay up ten thousand a year, therefore he must take Uncle Sam's salary with a little side money to do it.

In Illinois where the women have the full right of the ballot, many women would not go to the polls, because they could not dress as well as some of their sister neighbors. In one town it was a regular dress parade and only those who had the glad rags came out to vote.

Georgia has just elected a United States senator under the new law. But as they allow no opposing party in the South it made little difference whether Senator Bacon was re-elected under the new law or the old. The papers say he was elected unanimously. That was to be expected.

It is now proposed to enlarge the parcels post zones. The first is to be extended from 50 to 150 or 200 miles, and the charge will be 5 cents for the first pound and half a cent for additional pounds. A 200 mile zone for Newport would take in all New England and a large part of New York State.

There is an almost unanimous belief among business men that, after the passage of the Wilson free trade bill, there will be a general contraction of business throughout the country. But let it come, the party in power is bound to pass the bill, so the quicker we know the worst the better.

Naval enlistments are growing in the United States. The approaching completion of the Panama Canal points to a good deal of foreign travel for the nearly 60,000 men on American fleets. There is probably no better chance for a poor boy to see the world than by enlisting in Uncle Sam's Navy.

The Sherman act is supposed to be intended to prevent combinations in restraint of trade and yet all the railroads of the country have combinations by which rates of fare are kept up regardless of the Sherman act. No road dare make a rate without consulting all the other lines in the same territory.

Much to the disgust of the faithful the President has appointed another college professor to a foreign berth. This time it is Prof. Reliance of the University of Wisconsin who has been appointed Minister to China. If this thing does not stop soon the party workers will have little chance to abuse the foreign parts at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Some of the great powers of Europe are asking the Washington Administration, what are you going to do about Mexico? They virtually say to Uncle Sam step in and reduce Mexico to good behavior or stand back and let us do it. The situation is plainly up to President Wilson, but Bryan his chief lieutenant has gone lecturing, so the affairs of nations must wait.

Canada is growing rapidly and much of its immigration is coming from the United States. It is a good class of population. In return for which we are getting much of the off-scouring of the world. Canada is not blessed with much much-raking as the United States has had for the past four years. Neither has she a Roosevelt to upset things, nor a free trade party that would kill home production and invite foreign competition. Unless this country calls a halt soon the bickering from the States to some other clime will be more pronounced than ever.

The Perry Centennial.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

All along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and particularly near its eastern end, there is being celebrated the 100th anniversary of an event at once glorious for American valor and protective of the new nation, the victory of Commodore Perry over the British fleet. It has been overshadowed by the great celebration at Gettysburg, and yet, small as the event was in comparison with the tremendous struggle and the vital interests at stake at Gettysburg half a century ago, this little naval battle on Lake Erie a full century ago was of crucial importance, and deeds of valor were performed there which nothing during the three days of struggle at Gettysburg exceeded.

There are striking similarities in the situation when these two events occurred. The victory at Gettysburg came after a long list of defeats of the Eastern army. Just as, frequent changes of commanders and excessive fluidity of the war authorities at Washington about the safety of the capital had so hampered and restrained the freedom of movement of the commanders in the field, that results were not secured. The people were discouraged, and the invasion of Pennsylvania plunged them into gloom. Then came the victory, contemporaneously with the capture of Vicksburg by Grant, and gloom was changed to rejoicing, and lack of confidence to belief in the successful ending of the war. The situation at the time of Perry's great victory was much the same. On land the British armies had been uniformly successful. There was great discouragement. In some quarters the war had never been popular. Only the brilliant victories of the American Navy at sea had served to prolong it and give us hope of success.

It was at this low status that Perry undertook his great task of ending the British domination of our whole northern border by their control of the lakes. With but little more aid from Congress than its blessing, he built a fleet of vessels, manned it with men he recruited and drilled and inspired with his own dauntless spirit. The history of his trials and discouragements while creating his victorious fleet out of nothing is at once a glorious and a humiliating one. At last he was ready, and after a brilliant conflict with a superior fleet, whose details will ever illumine the pages of American history, he flashed that great message: "We have met the enemy, and he is ours," and revived the fallen spirits of a dependent nation.

Gettysburg means more to us now as a symbol of our nation, but Perry and his wonderful achievement on Lake Erie meant much 100 years ago in the shaping of the destiny of the country. There was much of the crucial significance of Gettysburg in it, and it is an anniversary deserving all the attention that is being given it on this 100th occurrence. We can not have too many of these occasions which remind us by what feats of patriotism and valor we have become the mighty nation we are.

A Monument to Fremont.

Mr. Rockefeller proposes to erect a monument to the memory of the first Republican Candidate for President General John C. Fremont. The plan will be gratefully regarded by those who can recall the excited times when he was the first candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency, says the New York Times.

He was very far from being a statesman, or even a capable political leader. But he helped capture California. His explorations, pursued with the utmost energy and hardihood, had given him the title of "the Pathfinder." He was a pronounced opponent of slavery, and a pathfinder, if only a leader to point the way straight ahead, was what the rising anti-slavery sentiment of the nation at that time called for. His election was hopeless from the first, but his name served very well as a symbol for the new party.

The great change that was wrought in the country in the next four years was clearly indicated by the difference between Fremont, the adventurer and soldier of fortune, and Lincoln, the steadfast, strong, pure, and patient statesman and party leader. The former was not easily reconciled to that change, and gave the President much trouble, which the latter bore with invincible magnanimity. Fremont's last exploit in public life was as the candidate for the Presidency of the anti-Lincoln radicals, but the spell of his name had vanished in the searching light of experience. Like the indefatigable Roosevelt of a later date he did not know when to let go. Roosevelt has found out by this time that the people do not want him, the same as Fremont learned from experience when he tried to beat Lincoln.

At the beginning of the year there were 1918 soldiers on the pension list who fought in the Mexican war. As this war took place sixty seven years ago, these pensioners cannot be very young at the present date.

A million and a half immigrants come to this country every year, and when the Panama Canal is done that number will be greatly increased. There ought to be some check on this thing.

The leading duelist of France, Henri Rochefort has just died a natural death at the age of 53. French duelling is said to be a safe occupation.

First Employer—How long has Gotro's box worked to your office?

Second Employer—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.—Judge.

Too Much Interference With Business.

The following article was forth very clearly the true situation of affairs in this country: Some people are working as to how much progress the Democrats have made as a minority party in this country towards wounding the confidence of a majority of the voters. Some will be heard saying that this Administration is losing the confidence of the people so far as it ever had it. But the real fact is that the government has lost confidence in the people.

The government proposes to take the management of banks away from the people who own them. It proposes to supervise the railroads and protect the stockholders from themselves. The government proposes to dictate how the railroad stockholders shall make their investments, what extensions the railroads should make and how they should expend the money paid in on capital account. This government distrust of the people will in time bring distrust of the government.

The government must start out early to revise the tariff and then convince the commercial and manufacturing interests that it has given their best friend and given them a new spirit of liberty and a "New Freedom"—a freedom to do business somewhere else in the world, or find markets in Australia and New Zealand while letting foreign goods into this, the best market in the world.

Unless this tariff matter is quickly adjusted the business world will be up in arms against the government, and there will not be time enough during the remaining term fully to try out the new tariff, in fact it can scarcely be tried out now before the next congressional campaign begins.

There is a growing antagonism to the government which proposes not only to take both deposits and capital out of New York, but plainly intimates from Washington, "We don't even want any protest or any suggestion from you concerning the management of your own property. We will take your property and experiment with it in the banking business. If not successful, we may give it back to you in some battered and shattered form, or perhaps we will confer with you, but at present you may throw up your hands, stand and deliver, and keep your mouth shut!"

The banksters have very nearly reached the point where they must throw up their hands. The government has no confidence in them. The people who have been trusted with the money of the country are not to be trusted by the government. The result is likely to be the reversal of the old phrase: "Confidence for confidence" into "Distrust for distrust."

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

In response to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. White of Swansea, formerly of this town, eighteen members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church left at 8.30 to go by trolley to Swansea. Upon their arrival at Swansea, Mr. White met the party with a carriage to convey them to his residence, where they spent the day. Dinner was served on the lawn and later Mr. White carried a number to see the surrounding country. The party returned home about seven o'clock.

Mr. William T. Harvey of Saylesville is visiting his brother, Charles Harvey of Power Street.

Miss Finis Macomber and Miss Marguerite Holman have gone to Winslow, Maine, to visit Rev. and Mrs. Osborn Hoffman.

During the vacation of Mrs. John M. Eldredge, Miss Lillian Wheeler has charge of the work at the Social Studio.

Mr. S. Alfred Patterson accompanied by his mother is visiting Mrs. William Burke.

Mrs. Thomas Holman is entertaining her sister, Mrs. George H. Breed and Mr. Breed of Geneseo, Ill., and Professor and Mrs. Bertram A. Albro of Media, Pa.

Commodore Frederick Webb of the New York Yacht Club has gone to Martha's Vineyard for a week's cruise on his yacht "Saint." He was accompanied by several guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hall of Taunton are spending their vacation with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Frank Hall.

The monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall Monday afternoon.

Several licenses were granted and David Buffan was appointed a special constable under the liquor law for Prudence Island.

Col. Reginald Norman having offered his four-horse roller it was voted to accept the same with tracks and to prepare the horse shed to receive it.

A large number of bills were ordered paid.

In Probate Court the foreign will of Alvares S. Burlingame of Attleboro, Mass., was allowed and ordered recorded.

Arthur Ledoux was appointed administrator of the estate of Stanelas Ledoux, decd., \$600.—Edward Brophy of Tiverton surdy, Alfred Ledoux, Ueber Ledoux and Thomas J. Jackson, appraisers.

Margaret L. Slack, guardian of Frank H. Slack, was allowed not to exceed \$75.—per month for support of the family of her ward and \$1500 for purchase of furniture.

An Annoying Speed Limit.

An old man of nearly eighty years walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate," the old man replied. "I was tired, I did it all the way, but I was slow down to fifteen miles an hour." That kept me back some.—Youth's Companion.

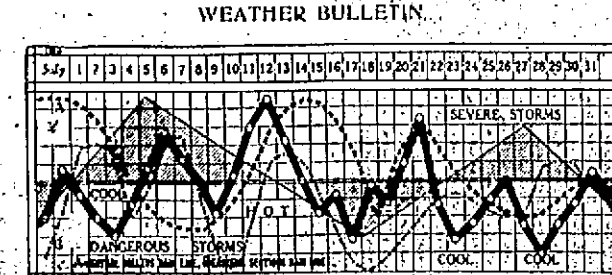
PACKED DRINK ONLY IN

LIPTON'S TEA

SUITS EVERY "FUSSY" TEA DRINKER

AIRTIGHT TINS

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of July will average about normal. Probably a little above normal on Pacific Slope and a little below east of Rocky Ridge. Draw a line from Bismarck via St. Paul, Milwaukee, Detroit to New Bedford, Mass., and all north of that line will have less than normal rain, and all south of that line more than normal rain. Middle Canada will get about normal rain.

Many dangerous storms will occur on the Continent and off our Southern Coast in July. Shaded parts above treble line in chart indicate time of most danger and below treble line time of least danger. See weekly bulletin.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and at much for east of it against weather faces near map from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., July 17, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross the continent July 24 to 28, warm wave 23 to 27, cool wave 28 to 30. This disturbance will include last part of the severe storm period and is expected to cause lower than usual temperatures. Not far from July 23 the storm forces will suddenly increase very much as they did on July 5 when dangerous storms occurred in many parts of the country.

It was remarkable, worthy of particular note, that we selected the very day—July 5—for the dangerous storm. The only mistake so far this year, in forecasting these dangerous storms was that we did not forecast the exact dates of the tornadoes that occurred in Florida and Georgia about July 20, although we had frequently stated that many dangerous storms might be expected to July.

We are now, July 17, at the beginning of a two days period of dangerous storms and again we hang out our danger signals, warning all to take no risks. Many have written us saying that they desire to go voyaging last half of July and asking us for the best dates. We can not give any dates in this matter when it will be safe to go on water and one feels safer at home when dangerous storms are expected. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 28, cross Pacific slope by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to August 1, eastern sections August 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 28, great central valleys 30, eastern sections August 1. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 31, great central valleys August 2, eastern sections August 4.

This will be a severe storm all the way across the continent but will be most severe on Pacific coast and slope out far from July 28. Temperatures will average lower than usual. Rainfall will average less than usual, but some very heavy rains will occur in small sections.

Crop weather of the month of August will not be equal to the last year's average. This will particularly apply to corn and cotton. Some heavy rains along the Gulf coasts from Pensacola westward. Otherwise generally dry east of meridian 88. West of meridian 88 about half of the country will have fair crop weather and the other half will be too dry.

In central valleys most rain is expected near August 1 and 13 and in eastern sections near August 1 and 10. Warmest parts of August will be near 8 and 25, coolest parts near 3 and 12. Storm forces will be less for August than for previous months. Most severe weather near August 4, 12, 20 and September 1.

Pressure on the president and the secretary of state to show a firmer hand in dealing with the Mexican situation has increased lately to a marked degree. They have stood firm, however, taking the position that the United States government had no right to interfere between the contending factions and that its duty was fulfilled in seeking to protect the interests of American citizens through diplomatic means.

This is what in diplomacy is termed a correct attitude, but its correctness is not approved entirely by certain American citizens who have property interests in Mexican territory.

Executive Seeks First Hand Information Previous to Announcing Attitude Toward Huerta Government—Action Believed to Forecast Important Step by Administration

Washington, July 17.—President Wilson, after conferences with Secretary Bryan over the latest aspects of the Mexican situation presented by the inquiries of foreign powers as to the attitude of the United States, ordered Ambassador Wilson at Mexico City to proceed to Washington immediately for a conference.

The ambassador will hurry north on a battleship from Vera Cruz, if any delay would be entailed by waiting for a commercial steamer. Officials here believe that the almost total interruption of railroad traffic between Mexico City and the United States will force the ambassador to make his trip by water. He is not expected here before July 23 at the earliest.

It is believed in official and diplomatic circles that an important announcement of the attitude of the United States in the pending situation will follow the president and secretary of state. The president's action, following closely the unofficial announcement that some of the foreign powers which have already recognized the Huerta government were pressing for some indication of this government's attitude toward the continued disorders in Mexico, leads to that belief.

Bryan positively declined to add any information to his brief announcement of Wilson's call to Washington. However, it is assumed that the administration desires to learn from the ambassador directly what influences actuated the foreign diplomatic representatives in Mexico, when they jointly agreed to address their governments with what amounted to a formal complaint against the attitude of the United States in its relations with the Huerta regime.

President Wilson has kept an open mind on the subject and is thought to feel himself bound to adhere to the policy he announced early in his administration of lending moral encouragement only to such governments in Latin-America as were founded upon constitutional law and practice. It is understood, however, he is ready to give due weight to any representation.

Marriages.

At St. John's Church, July 16th, by Rev. G. E. Beattie, Miss Emily Finley to Rev. Charles Wellington Woodcock.

Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., John Norman, aged 51 years.

Suddenly, in this city, 12th inst., Suite A, daughter of Ann and the late Patrick Hayes. In this city, 14th inst., Catherine, widow of Thomas Kimball, Vancouver.

In this city, 13th inst., Mrs. Rose O'Brien. In this city, 13th inst., Ezra R. son of George E. and Martha P. Carter, aged 3 years, 9 months, 6 days.

In this city, 13th inst., Catherine, widow of Frank Hogan.

In this city, 13th inst., Anna Chas daughter of the late Charles E. and Ruth Anne Boyd.

At the Newport Hospital, 17th inst., Agnes C. Johnson.

At Colorado Springs, 12th inst., Henry, daughter of the late John and Helen Wade. In Providence, 16th inst., Phoebe A. widow of George A. Taylor.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for them services regarding Penacosta Houses, unimproved and improved, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 12 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1888. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

REPORT

On the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 1, 1913.

| RESOURCES. | DOLLARS. |
|--|----------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$131,521.11 |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured | 91,811.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 10,000.00 |
| Stocks, securities, etc. | 176,791.25 |
| Banking-house furniture and fixtures | 21,730.00 |
| Due from National Banks (not re-serve Agents) | 1,155.25 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | 61,511.27 |
| Checks and other cash items | 3,261.27 |
| Exchange for clearing house | 4,544.31 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 6,833.30 |
| Fractional paper currency, tickets and coins | 731.25 |
| LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ: | |
| Specie | \$1,121.00 |
| Legal-tender notes | 6,122.00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) | 6,500.00 |
| Total | \$1,000,000.00 |

| LIABILITIES. | DOLLARS. |
|---|--------------|
| Capital stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | \$100,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid | \$1,000.00 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | 16,130.00 |
| Due to other National Banks | 61.31 |
| Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks | 43,711.11 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | \$56,565.61 |
| Demand certificates of deposit | 1,155.25 |
| Certified checks | \$1,155.25 |
| Dividends, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed | 25,000.00 |
| Total | \$850,533.51 |

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1913.

PAULER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, David Branson, Edward S. Peckham, Directors.

REPORT

On the condition of THE NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 1, 1913.

| RESOURCES. | DOLLARS. |
|--|--------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$130,121.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 10,000.00 |
| Stocks, securities, etc. | 166,275.00 |
| Banking-house furniture and fixtures | 21,000.00 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | 61,511.27 |
| Checks for clearing house | 6,185.17 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 1,155.25 |
| Fractional paper currency, tickets and coins | 373.25 |
| LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ: | |
| Specie | \$1,121.00 |
| Legal-tender notes | 2,500.00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) | 6,500.00 |
| Total | \$871,572.51 |

| LIABILITIES. | DOLLARS. |
|---|--------------|
| Capital stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | \$100,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid | 27,565.00 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | 109,830.00 |
| Dividends unpaid | 112.51 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 354,002.17 |
| Demand certificates of deposit | 1,002.57 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 4,773.00 |
| Certified checks | 1,575.00 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 553.30 |
| Total | \$871,572.51 |

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, Henry O. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. O. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1913.

PAULER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: George W. Sherman, Albert K. Sherman, William Stevens, Directors.

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture
Engineering
Applied Science
Home Economics

B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in
Agriculture
Mechanical Arts
Domestic Economy

Certificate

Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment, Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 44 cents per week.

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful, and accessible.

Address: STATE COLLEGE, 72341.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY.

214 Thames Street.

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST SEEDS

Come to Our Place

Fernando Barker.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who desires to take better care of her health, should try Barker's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take, a positive cure for the above distressing condition, give prompt relief in Dyspepsia, Indigestion, prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only 10 cents a box. Price 25 cents. If you try you will not be without them.

MELLEN'S FIRST BACKWARD STEP

Severs All Connection With New
England Transportation

QUITS NEW HAVEN PRESIDENCY

Resignation Will Take Effect Not
Later Than First of Next October—
Four-Line Typewritten Announce-
ment All That Is Supplied to the
Press—Elliott May Succeed Him

New York, July 18.—Charles S. Mellen tendered his resignation as president of the New Haven road and all its subsidiary companies at a meeting of the directors in this city. It is expected that Howard Elliott, who succeeded Mellen as president of the Northern Pacific railroad in 1903, will succeed him as head of the New Haven.

The directors adjourned the meeting at 5:40 last evening. The first intimation of what had happened inside came with this announcement from Mellen, given out by Edward O. Riggs, his executive assistant.

"Mr. Mellen, at a meeting of his board of directors today, offered his resignation of the presidency of the New Haven road and all its subsidiary companies, to take effect at the pleasure of the board, but, in any event, not later than Oct. 1, 1913."

The four-line typewritten explanation of what had happened was handed to the newspaper men about 5 o'clock. The reporters at once besieged Mellen's private office in the Grand Central terminal building. His secretaries came back, saying Mellen would have no further explanation of his withdrawal.

When it was explained that, in view of his own statement issued last week that he would not get out of the New Haven, some statement from him as to his reasons for resigning were looked for, Mellen sent for Riggs. After a five-minute conference Riggs came out and said Mellen had finally refused to add anything to what he had already authorized him to give to the press.

After slipping out of his office by a private exit, in order to avoid interviewers, Mellen went to the Hotel Belmont, where he took a room for the night. He took every precaution to save himself from adding a syllable to his ineffectual statement.

He gave instructions to the office downstairs to bar all newspaper men and careful orders were left with the telephone operator to censor all the phone calls.

All efforts to find out what directors were at the meeting were unsuccessful. It was said, however, that "practically the full board" was present. There are twenty-three directors. Mellen, it is said, presided. The meeting of the directors will be continued today.

Mellen's resignation from the presidency of the Maine Central, Boston and Maine and New Haven roads marks the first backward step which he has taken since he started in the railroad business forty-four years ago.

His action of yesterday brought to an end a ten-year service as president of the New Haven road which opened with great promise of hope for the development of New England.

A New England man, his election to the presidency of the New Haven was expected to bring back to New England the control of a great railroad which was at that time rapidly passing into the hands of the Pennsylvania railroad interests. Mellen wrested that control from the Pennsylvania interests, but New England gained little.

Mellen turned control of the road over to the New York firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and throughout his administration he has been recognized as the representative of that New York firm.

With the presidency of the New Haven in his grip and with the Morgan interests at his back, Mellen sought to bring about complete control of the entire transportation interests of New England.

In an effort to realize his one great ambition laws of the state of Massachusetts were violated or disregarded. In direct opposition to the established policy of the state, a majority of the stock of the Boston and Maine was acquired by Mellen as the representative of the Morgan interests and transferred to a citizen of Connecticut, to be put out of the reach of the laws of Massachusetts.

Trolley lines were purchased, steamship lines were taken over, and later the Boston and Albany, with its through route to the west, came under the control of the New Haven and the master hand of Mellen.

In spite of continued protests of governors, legislators and men of affairs, the personal ambition of Mellen to bring within his control the entire transportation system of this section of the country triumphed.

With the taking over of the Albany his mastery of the situation was made complete. And then, with "no more worlds to conquer," the final and complete disintegration of his powers came swiftly.

Countess Cowley Granted Divorce
London, July 18.—Countess Cowley, who has figured conspicuously in the divorce courts, was granted a divorce from Earl Cowley. The suit was undefended.

Rutland Marble Plant Burns
Rutland, Vt., July 18.—The entire plant of Temple Bros., marble plant, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$25,000.

CHARLES S. MELLEN

Long a Leading Figure
In the Railroad World



RAILROADS' GRIEVANCES

Trainmen Declare Consideration of
Them Must Be Delayed

New York, July 18.—The 80,000 trainmen and conductors who threaten a strike against the eastern railroads will not agree under any circumstances to have the roads' grievances arbitrated at the same time as the men's demands for better wages under the Newlands amendment to the Erdman act, according to a statement issued last night by W. G. Lee and A. B. Garretson, presidents respectively of the Trainmen's and Conductors' brotherhoods.

The attitude of the trainmen and conductors was declared to be that the roads are honorably bound to dispose of the employees' demands for better wages and leave to a later time the settlement of the roads' grievances.

BAD SALMON THROWN INTO THE OCEAN

Seven Hundred Cases Found
Below Pure Food Standard

Boston, July 18.—Seven hundred cases of canned salmon from Alaska, consigned to a Boston concern, were dumped overboard outside the three-mile limit by United States officers, because it was below the standard set by the pure food laws.

Deputy United States Marshal Ruhl with two bailiffs took the salmon, which consisted of 33,600 cans, on a tug outside the Brewsters, where it was thrown overboard.

Last week several hundred cases from the same lot were burned, but the salmon did not burn very well.

QUICK TREATMENT NEEDED

Eight Children Bitten by Dog Found
to Have Been Mad

Boston, July 18.—The state board of health reported last night that the dog which bit eight children in Wilmington and Andover last Sunday was suffering with rabies. To the authorities of Wilmington and Andover this means that to save the children who were bitten from hydrophobia they must at once undergo the Pasteur treatment.

The children are under the care of physicians in Boston, Wilmington and Andover. Most of them were severely bitten about the face. Face bites, physicians say, require the quickest and fullest treatment.

MRS. CAULKIN'S DISTINCTION

First Woman to Get Post of Receiver
in Land Office

San Francisco, July 17.—With the affixing of President Wilson's signature, Mrs. Grace Caulkin of Sonoma, Cal., will become the first woman receiver of a United States land office.

Mrs. Caulkin, who was an active member of the woman's committee of the Democratic state central committee during the last presidential campaign, received word from Washington that her appointment had been confirmed by the senate. The income from the office is \$4,500 a year.

Yantic Mills Bankrupt
Hartford, July 17.—The Yantic Woolen company has met with disaster because of the uncertainty of the Democratic tariff bill, according to what was said in the United States court, where a voluntary petition in bankruptcy was filed.

IS SPARED HUMILIATION

Aged Murderer Goes Without Guard
to Begin Term in Prison

Little Rock, July 18.—Thomas Tiner, 60 years old, convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, came to Little Rock from Randolph county, unaccompanied, to begin serving his sentence.

To spare the aged man the humiliation of leaving his home under guard the Randolph county authorities appointed Tiner his own custodian on the journey to prison.

Strike Closes Fall River Mill
Fall River, Mass., July 18.—The Boston American Printing Company was shut down by the strike of sixty workmen, and 150 employees were thrown out of work.

CUT OFF FROM FOOD SUPPLY

Bulgarian Army Now Running
Risk of Starving

ENEMIES' FORCES CLOSING IN

Roumanian Advance Continues Unopposed, While Greeks and Serbs Are Active—Ottoman Troops Beyond Turkish Boundary Established by Treaty—Christians in Flight

London, July 18.—Greek, Serbian and Roumanian armies are rapidly closing in on Bulgaria. From Belgrade came an official report that the Serbs stormed Jullkamik, Kerkustendill, yesterday, routing the Bulgarian right wing. The casualties were enormous, it was stated.

The advance of the Roumanians continues unopposed, and the Bulgarians sank two torpedo boats and their steamers in the Danube to prevent the Roumanians from capturing them. King Charles, the 74-year-old monarch of Roumania, has gone to the front.

Roumania has made no official declaration as to how far her troops will advance, but the powers believe the line bounding the territory King Charles claims as a reward for neutrality in the Turko-Balkan war will not be crossed.

The Roumanians yesterday took possession of the cable station at Varna on the Black sea, and thus control communication with Sebastopol. As the railway between the coast and Sofia also has been cut, Bulgaria cannot communicate with the outside world except through Serbia and Roumania. The railway is the only route over which provisions can be brought, to Sofia from abroad, and the Bulgarian army, therefore, runs the risk of starving.

Advices from Sofia declare Thracian Christians are fleeing toward Bulgarian territory before the advance of Turkish troops. The Ottoman troops are advancing in three columns and reports say one division is already seventy miles beyond the Enos-Media line, the new boundary of Turkey established by the London treaty.

King Ferdinand has personally telegraphed to King Charles that Bulgaria is ready to negotiate terms of settlement with Roumania.

A MODERN JONAH

Whaler Held in Mouth of Great Mammoth For Half an Hour

New Bedford, Mass., July 15.—Bringing a modern Jonah in the person of First Mate Zack de Lux, a husky Cape Verde, the three-masted whaling schooner Ellen A. Swift, commanded by Captain Dunham of this city, returned to port after a voyage filled with an unusually large number of experiences.

De Lux, before he had been mate of the vessel and while he was boat steerer on one of the small whale boats used to approach the mammoth mammal, was held captive in a huge mouth for nearly half an hour, his unconscious form being spit out onto the water only when the whale died and his giant jaws relaxed.

NOT WANTED IN LONDON

Vaudeville and Sporting World Bar
Jack Johnson, "at Any Price"

London, July 17.—Both the vaudeville and sporting world in London refuse to have any dealings with Jack Johnson, who, it is reported, has been seeking an engagement here.

While one house which was rumored to have engaged his services refused to affirm or deny the report, other managers declared they would not take Johnson on "at any price."

DECREE NISI GRANTED

Cornwallis-West Divorced by Former
Lady Randolph Churchill

London, July 16.—A decree nisi was granted by the divorce court to Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph S. Churchill, a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York.

The grounds for the granting of the decree were statutory, desertion and misconduct.

Dias While Offering Prayer
Millinocket, Me., July 17.—Services at the Congregational church were abruptly terminated last evening when Henry Folsom, aged 84, fell to the floor, dead, in the act of offering a prayer. Doctors pronounced death due to heart failure.

Bridges Is British Laureate
London, July 17.—The new British poet laureate is Dr. Robert Bridges, who was appointed by Premier Asquith to succeed the late Alfred Austin.

Abolishes Plural Voting
London, July 15.—The bill to abolish plural voting at elections in the British Isles passed its third reading in the house of commons last night.

WALSH ESTATE SHRINKAGE

Estimated at \$15,000,000 in 1895, It
Is Now Valued at \$45,000

Chicago, July 17.—The estate of John R. Walsh, whose fortune was estimated at \$15,000,000 before the failure of his banks in 1905, has shrunk to \$45,000, according to the attorney for the administratrix, who appeared before the board of review.

The estate had been assessed at \$180,000 but the lawyer asserted that more than two-thirds of the property is insolvent and \$105,000 was cut from the valuation.

TURNED INTO "C" STREET

Fifteen Ipswich Strikers and Their
Families Evicted by Sheriff

Ipswich, Mass., July 15.—Fifteen families of strikers at the Ipswich mills were evicted from cottages owned by the mills. The tenants had been given three months' notice to leave the cottages and the time expired yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff Briggs and Raymond conducted the evictions. They had a strenuous time of it, as most of the families let them move the furnishings to the street, stoves, beds and all. They were hot and fagged before they were at it an hour.

What surprised the deputies most was the passiveness with which many of the evicted families accepted the edict. The Greek and Polish mothers, surrounded by children, stood around and jeered at the men who were dismantling their homes.

LONG STATE BOULEVARD

New Hampshire to Have Highway to
White Mountains

Manchester, N. H., July 18.—Governor Feltner and his council yesterday completed all arrangements for the construction of a state boulevard that will reach from the base of the White mountains to the Massachusetts line and will be one of the finest highways in the country when completed.

The course of the road will be over the Mammoth road, so-called, that was the old stage coach road line in the days before the steam cars, and that has been the most direct line between Boston and Manchester and the north since the Revolutionary days.

State Engineer Hooker says the work of construction will begin next week.

REFLECTS GREAT BUSINESS GROWTH

United States Treasury Handled

\$7,071,520,000 Last Year

Washington, July 17.—The United States treasury handled in actual cash during the fiscal year ended June 30 the sum of \$7,071,520,000, breaking all previous records and stamping the federal treasury as the greatest banking institution in the world.

Reflecting the tremendous growth of the government's business, this high record, including income, outgo and operations within the treasury, exceeded the cash transactions of the previous year by \$169,769,000 and those of three years ago by \$1,478,820,000.

MAY BE TOTAL LOSS

Ship With Explorers Bound For
Crockerland Is Fast-Around

St. John's, July 18.—The Newfoundland revenue cutter Stella Marie is rushing north to the Strait of Belle Isle to render assistance to the McMillan exploration party on board the steamer Diana, bound for Crockerland, which, it is feared, will be a total loss, she having gone aground of Barge Point.

The Diana sailed from Boston on July 5 and after a stop at Sydney, N. S., sailed for the north on July 12. The expedition was sent out by the American Geographical society and the American Museum of Natural History of New York. The explorers are under command of Donald B. McMillan. They planned to remain three years in Crockerland.

Prince Renounces Title to Wed
Vienna, July 18.—In order to marry a Viennese actress, Prince Nicholas of Thurn and Taxis has renounced his title and after marriage will start life as a farmer in Texas.

Federal Suffrage Paper Planned
Washington, July 18.—The federal or congressional branch of the woman suffrage movement is to have an organ of its own in the shape of a weekly bulletin.

UNTOLD AGONY WITH PIMPLES

And Blackheads on Face. Kept
Awake Nights. Itching and Pains.
Disfigured. Cuticura Soap and
Ointment Cured in Three Weeks.

1131 Salem St., Malden, Mass.—"When I was about fifteen years old my face broke out with pimples and blackheads. My face was a mass of pimples and kept me awake nights it was so itchy. For four years I suffered untold agonies, such itching and pains until I was going to give up hope of getting rid of my pimples. The pimples festered and came to a head and would itch and smart as I had to scratch them and of course this made my face disfigured for some time."

"I tried about everything going for pimples and they did me no good till I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I was cured by three weeks' time." (Signed) E. N. Norris, May 10, 1913.



TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoo with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who have and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Savings Deposits

made on or before August 15th,
draw interest from
August 1st.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

303 THAMES STREET.

Service Counts!

The million dollar "Hump" at Mechanicsville is the latest development in freight yard construction.

A freight train is backed up the slight incline to the "Hump." There the train is broken up.

The cars are then carried by gravity each to its classified track.

The older method required backing the entire train to place one car.

This is only one of many ways devised to give you the best freight service on the continent.



CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp With ELECTRICITY
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—
Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets,
Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

SIREN AND SONS.

M. Schoultz, recently elected mayor of St. Petersburg, was at one time president of the senate of the capital.

Mr. Mayor Whitney of Brooklyn, who is in his ninety-fifth year, goes to his office every morning at 8 o'clock, exactly as he has been doing for three-quarters of a century.

Marlo B. Menocal, president of Cuba, is regarded as a strong, progressive man and is well known as an able army officer, having risen to the position of major general.

Patrick MacGill, assistant in the royal library at Windsor castle, has been from a railroad lawyer or section hand through his own efforts and has gained considerable notice as a poet. He was born in the north of Ireland.

John Hume, oldest purser of the Atlantic, has ended his career after traveling 2,004,000 miles by water. He has crossed the equator 120 times and has been at sea for forty-seven years. Hume is a native of Scotland and during his career has been purser on some twenty steamships.

Brigadier General Frederick A. Smith, just retired from active service, is an old Indian fighter. He served in campaigns on the western frontier in Arizona, the Yakutat and Nevada. Later he served in the Philippines and in Cuba. General Smith is a native of New York. He graduated from West Point in 1873.

Train and Track.

The Prussian-Italian railway system is the largest government owned and operated system in the world.

The United States has 52,000 more miles of railway than all Europe. This excess would reach twice about the world.

The street car development of St. Petersburg is surprisingly belated. With over 2,000,000 inhabitants it has only about fifty miles of street car lines.

Vice President T. E. Byrne of the New York, New Haven and Hartford predicts that within two years trains will run between New York and Boston in less than four hours.

Foreign Affairs.

With three kings, three queens, a pair and a royal dach, Germany has been hitting the high lands of Italy—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In return for concessions on the Persian gulf Great Britain proposes to give Germany the African possessions of Portugal. John Bull's generosity is simply appalling. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For King George to take advantage of the death of Alfred Austin to abolish the poet laureateship would be revolutionary. English poets might all turn republicans by way of revenge. —New York World.

Woman's World.

Eighty per cent of the working girls of New York take home their soiled pay envelopes to their parents.

Thirty-two years ago women were admitted to the Massachusetts bar to practice as "lawyers on an equality with men." Today of the 2,800 lawyers in the Boston directory only sixty are women.

American women living in London have their own group, known as the Society of Women in London. The club has its clubhouse and through its various committees makes its influence felt in art, education and philanthropy.

Household Hints.

If fish is wrapped well in oiled paper it will not impart a flavor or odor to the other foodstuffs in the refrigerator.

Never keep vinegar and yeast in stone crocks or jugs. Their acids attack the glass, which is said to be poisonous. Glass is better.

When making aprons, especially those to be used in doing household work, do not forget a large pocket. It will save many a step in dusting and picking up.

Linings for clothes baskets insure the clothes being kept clean. These linings are of unbleached muslin just the shape of the basket and tied into place with tapes.

Current Comment.

There is to be a statue of Queen Victoria in Washington. But why look George III? He had a great deal to do with the making of the republic. —Louisville Times.

O my countrymen, what a fall was there for eugenics when it was learned that the mother of the perfect baby which drew a prize of \$1,000 is a crippled Philadelphia inquirer.

It was Daniel Webster who said, "If I were shut out of the Astor House I would never go to New York again." And now the Astor House has gone, and he never will. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

England's Suffrage War.

The most doleful sound from the toasts is the threat of the English suffragettes, to blow up Westminster abbey. —Atlanta Constitution.

The prudent Englishmen now look under his chair before sitting down to dinner and under his bed before going to sleep. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The right little, tight little island on the other side of the sea appears at present to be in a right little, tight little mess with its fighting women. —Chicago Tribune.

Ancient Greek Athletics.

The athletes of ancient Greece trained on a diet of new cheese, eggs and baked grain. Their sole drink was warm water, and meat was never loved them.

Perilous Chewing.

One of the troubles of most European armies is that those soldiers who can get hold of it insist on using that terrible explosive cordite as if it were a sort of chewing gum. Its popularity is due to the fact that when chewed in small quantities it has a stimulating and exhilarating effect, like small doses of alcohol. Its taste, too, is sweet, cordite being three-fifths nitroglycerin, an explosive which is sugary to the taste. When chewed in large quantities cordite becomes more powerful in its effects, bringing on a blissful state of ecstasy and sometimes making the victim of the habit a violent. But the real danger of the habit lies in the fact that though nitroglycerin will only explode when given a very hard blow or touched by an electric spark, there is always a possibility that the grinding of exceptionally hard teeth might provide the necessary hard blow. Within the last few years at least three soldiers—two German and one Austrian—have been blown to bits, the use of cordite as a chewing gum being the suspected cause.

Shy, but Ferocious.

No European has ever been placed to meet in their own dwelling places the Kukukubus, a shy, yet ferocious tribe of New Guinea. Other tribes of the country, while they have a great fear of the Kukukubus, manage to do a bartering trade with them. They bring salt, earthenware, dried fish, etc., and deposit them in a certain indicated place. They then retire for a few hours, being notified to do so by a curious cry from the distance. The mountain dwellers then descend to view the goods offered for sale. If they want them they put down other goods, such as skins, feathers and other jungle produce, next to those articles wanted by them. Then they retire in turn and when the way seems clear the coast dwellers approach again. If the latter are satisfied with the goods offered in exchange they take the goods put down by the mountain people and go away; if not satisfied they retire again as before with empty hands. —Argonaut.

Memory Erased by Sandbag.

Writing on "Confessions of Rolf Robbery and the Helicopter Amnesia" in One and Comment, Professor E. B. Delabarre of Brown university, tells the interesting fact that a concussion or blow from a sandbag will erase and drive from the brain or the memory occurrences happening within from three to five hours previous to the concussion, but will not disturb the impressions on the mind of previous occurrences. The author describes the effectiveness of this knowledge in securing complete confessions from "self robbed" individuals as follows: "I talked the matter over with J. R. Howe, at that time chief detective for Wells, Fargo & Co., and he forced a number of self robbed agents who were short and reported sandbagging robbery, to confess because a sandbag would not show any marks, but as they in each case told all particulars up to the blow of the sandbag he made them own up."

A Blunder Transformed.

In the "Memoirs of the Prince Imperial," the ill-fated heir of Napoleon III., it is related that as the prince grew up he developed royal tact to a marked degree. On one occasion he met the well known author, Alphonse Second, and, mistaking him for Marshal Leboeuf, remarked, "I am delighted to shake the hand of a friend of my father." When informed of his mistake and seeing that Second was a little put out over it, he begged M. Flourens to find him again and give him this message: "The prince knows he made a mistake, but has nothing to change in his phrase." "I managed to carry out my commission," adds M. Flourens, "before many witnesses who, like myself, saw the delight of the amiable writer."

The Mystery.

Visitor—I understand that you had an amateur dramatic performance in the town hall last night?

Native—Yes. The Sack and Bushin club played "Little Mac" or the Mountain Mystery.

Abd. And what was the mystery?

Native—As near as I could make out the mystery was how the audience stood till the last act was over. —London Tit Bits.

Too Kind to Love.

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the popple and the rubber plant with liberal alimony," while he takes the children and the grapplephone.

"Stop the divorce!" sobbed the wife.

"I'll never get another husband like that." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Ring Difficult to Wear.

"What do you think? Maude's gentleman friend offered her an engagement ring by telephone and she accepted it."

"Well, she can do as she likes, but really, I do not believe that I should care to wear a telephone ring." —Christian Science Monitor.

Poetry.

Poetry written on both sides of the paper is never so good as that written only on one side. One reason is that it is only half as long. —New Orleans Picayune.

Going Down.

Gabe—He claims he is a descendant from a great family. Steve—Yes, and he is still descending. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Those who marry in haste often see better bargains at their weddings.—Judge

Plenty of Change.

Fashionable Physician—What you really need is a change of climate. The Patient—Change of climate? Why, I've never had anything else. I've lived in New York all my life. —Life.

Foreigner and woman.

A man five feet six inches in height should weigh 150 pounds at forty years. The average for a woman is 125.

A New Theory of Tides.

The shrewd explanation of the phenomenon of the tides that an old South Brooklyn fisherman gave is hereby recommended to the attention of scientists. The Brooklyn Times reports it.

"(Uncle Joe,) some one asked him, 'do you know what causes the tides?' The old man looked profound and admitted: 'Waal, I her some idee.' 'Explain it to us, please.' Uncle Joe would not be hurried, but after some urging he answered: 'You're turned over in bed, I think likely?'

"Certainly."

"And when you went over the bed-clothes kind o' slipped round and ached round and didn't get there at the same time you did?'

"Yes."

"Waal, that's the way of the tides. The old world slips round inside of the sea like a man under the bed-clothes, and that's what makes the tides. It's easy enough after you understand it."

Not Celebrating.

There used to be a city editor on Park row who was not exactly beloved by some of his men. His health failed and he obtained leave of absence of some weeks to go to Florida.

The staff decided to offer him a little farewell testimonial of regard, especially as his birthday chanced to fall on the date of his departure.

One of the copy readers, who was in charge of the fund, met in a cafe a former reporter for the paper, who had been discharged a few weeks before.

"Say," said the copy reader, "we're raising money to send a little floral design up to the old man's flat, and I thought maybe you might like to contribute, seeing as you used to work for him."

"I'll be tickled to death!" said the reporter. "Nothing could give me more pleasure. When's the funeral?"

"Funeral?" echoed the collector. "These flowers are for his birthday!"

"Give me that dollar back," said the reporter emphatically. —Saturday Evening Post.

A Famous Pirate.

On the 23d of May, 1703 Captain William Kidd, the famous pirate, was executed at Execution dock, London. Several officers of Kidd's company were executed with him. The summary putting to death of these pirates did much to rid the seas of piracy. Kidd, who was the most daring of all the pirates of history, exemplified the worst of his kind. Although his exploits have been greatly exaggerated, there is no doubt that he was guilty of desperate crimes. His daring led others to emulate him, and the commerce of the world suffered much because of the depredations of the pirates. England was the principal sufferer at the hands of the high sea raiders, and accordingly England was most interested in their capture. Kidd's execution began a new era of commercial activity on account of the greater security enjoyed by merchantmen on the high seas.

The Tongues of Belgium.

Belgium is largely a bilingual country and to a certain extent trilingual. This is indicated by official statistics, which indicate that 740,140 of the population more than fifteen years of age speak Flemish and French, that 65,637 speak French and Walloon and that 7,237 speak Walloon and Flemish. The three languages are spoken by 49,300, so that \$19,014 of the inhabitants of Belgium are bilingual and 49,300 trilingual. The number of Belgians who speak only one language is 4,262, 142 and Flemish and French are pretty evenly divided between them, the speakers of French numbering 2,132, 957 and of Flemish 2,129,153. There are 6,646 returned as speaking none of the three languages in vague in the country, but the medium in which they convey their thoughts is not indicated.

The Strawberry in Sacred Art.

When the old masters introduced the strawberry into their religious pictures it was because that stolonous, thornless fruit, with its chaste white blossoms and trefoil leaves was the symbol of perfect righteousness. The violet is usually seen with it, indicating that the truly fruitful soul is always humble. So says Elizabeth Haig in her "Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters."

No Compliment.

"Dining in a real home must seem pleasant after life in these restaurants," remarked the hostess, smiling openly for a compliment.

"It is a relief not to have to watch your hat and coat all the time," responded the dense old bachelor. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Worse to Come.

"The opposition candidate is perfectly wild. He says you have been telling lies about him."

"You just think he is perfectly wild. Wait until after my speech tomorrow. I'm going to tell the truth about him." —Baltimore Post.

Cautious.

"Darling, do you love me for myself alone?" "Why, certainly, Charles. But you really have that \$50,000, haven't you?" —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Well Classified.

"How did you list the money that fortune teller got from you?"

"I put it under the head of prophet and lost." —Baltimore American.

A Fatal Proposition.

"The government throws all the obsolete army weapons in the junk pile. They are unsalable."

"Seems to me the government gives very little thought to pleasing its old men."

"How dows?"

"Think of the innocent joy that would result if they buried those weapons on the various battlefields for tourists to dig up." —Kansas City Journal.

She—You have two club meetings each week—one for the old and one for the young men. Why is that?

He—Why, the young and the old don't mix any more. The old men are too lively for the young ones. —Fleegle Blatter.

"I'm not so hard as people say, because they're in my teeth!"

I'm a melting proposition!"

Quoth Satan in the kitchen. —Atlanta Constitution.

"She told me I mustn't hold her hand."

"When did she tell you that?"

"Oh, just after I had let go of it." —New York Evening World.

"Helen hopelessly lame. Poetry to measure writ. Art conventional and vain. Hushed humor, joy and wit; Specials on the oblique. By the authors now first seen. Budden, Jull, lugubrious. That's a modern magazine. —Chicago Daily News.

"Where are you going to spend the summer?"

"Somewhere where I shall not have to spend anything else." —Vogue.

"He thought her sweet. And all of that. Until she called. A 'what a gal.'" —Judge.

Hatation—What is your ideal of happiness?

Hilly—Have the garden seed I planted look like the pictures on the seed packets. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

Though Willie Mott was young and green. Of course he thought he knew it all. That's why he thought that he had been invited to a bachelor ball. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

He—Then you will enjoy with me tomorrow night?

She—Yes. I'll leave the house at 10 o'clock.

He—But will your parents be abed by then?

She—Oh, yes; if I tell them about it. —New York Globe.

Now, as to the tobacco trust. The way, beyond a doubt, that big monopoly to bust is just to smoke it out. —Chicago Tribune.

Patience—I had an awful dream about that tantalizing little boy next door.

Patience—What was it?

"I dreamed he was twain!" —Yankers Statesman.

Have you a choice in the cycling twelve. The rhyming twelve of the cycling year? You who may borrow or plot or delve. Is there a month that you hold most dear?

Which of the dozen is gone too soon? You know the answer. —The June, Fair Dealer. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Now that we are engaged, Harold?"

"Yes."

"You needn't give father such expensive cigars. He's been bragging that those you have been handing him have cost a quarter apiece." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Now that our lawn is free of weeds. A lawn mower. A lawn mower. A lawn mower. —Spokesman-Review.

She—Men are like potatoes—they're almost sure to get into hot water.

He—Yes, and usually they are both got into it by women. —Boston Transcript.

He always seemed full of spite. He cold as ice and people shiver; But his heart would have been all right if it hadn't been for his liver. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Ragged Haguard—You had a mighty elose call in dat night's house fire, didn't you?

Seldum Fed—Ret yer meck! Dem firemen squirted water within two feet o' me! —Puck.

If you were I and I were you I'd know what I would do. I'd wish that I were I again. And you were once more you.

For were you I and were I you The money you owe me. That would not owe, but I'd owe you. Let's you and I owe me. —Picked Up.

"I'd have you know, my good sir, that I am a man of very good third connections."

"That's nothing. So is a Pullman car porter." —Baltimore American.

Now you may take them off—hold on! Stop those protesting men. We don't mean what you think, no, no. Storm windows and storm doors. —Boston Transcript.

"I see your husband making a garden," said Mrs. Subbubs. "What is he going to raise?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Newcomer, "so far he has raised an elegant groch, some lumbago and a fine crop of blisters." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

New York bans the turkey trot. As the weather is hot, but Next thing they will surely try Barring skating to Jersey. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Winn—I never saw any one so scared as Edwin was when he asked me for my hand.

Miss Wade—He told me he was afraid my papa would mistake him for a collector. —Kansas City Times.

Always shed a few tears. Though you don't know just why When the June bride appears. Always shed a few tears. It's been custom for years. At a wedding to cry. Always shed a few tears. Though you don't know just why. —Detroit Free Press.

Never Lonesome.

"You really like country life, do you, Dobby?" asked Petcow.

"You let I do," said Dobson.

"What do you do with yourself nights?" asked Petcow.

"Oh, I come to town," said Dobson. —Harper's Weekly.

Culture indicates superiority, and superiority impresses others. —Marden.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children,
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. H. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
Stimulating the Bowels and
Regulating the Stomach and Bile of
Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness
and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Narcotics.
NOT NARCOTIC.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed Under the Food and
Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
In each town and district (outside and exhibit a sample of the latest model bicycle) and secure orders for the same. We will pay you a commission of 10% on all sales made by you. We will also pay you a commission of 10% on all sales made by you. We will also pay you a commission of 10% on all sales made by you.

\$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof \$4.80
Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

J.L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

South America and Coffee.
Although the greater part of the world's coffee now comes from South America, there are some states in that country where it is scarcely used.

Hemp.
Hemp has been grown in the United States for about 135 years, and the chief center of the industry has always been the blue grass region of Kentucky, where nine-tenths of the hemp crop of this country is still produced.

Buckingham Palace.
A comprehensive valuation of Buckingham Palace and its contents by a London west end firm is given at \$17,500,000. The value of one room is estimated at \$2,500,000.

Garnets.
Garnets are generally classed as precious stones, and a fine garnet may be worth from \$5 to \$25 a carat, according to variety and size, but it is not necessarily true that the owner of a garnet mine is a millionaire because his mine produces garnets by the ton. In fact, the bulk of the garnets produced are measured by the ton, but those of inferior quality are used for abrasive purposes.

Northumberland Strait Cable.
The oldest submarine cable in active operation in North America is said to be that across Northumberland strait. It dates back to 1853.

California's Blackbirds.
Blackbirds are protected by law in California and exist in clouds.

The Oceans.
The oceans occupy three-fourths of the surface of the earth. A mile down in the sea the water has a pressure of a ton to every square inch.

Moths and Light.
The moth has a habit of flying toward light. A fly does the same thing if it were a fly. I suppose the same thing is true of the fly and the fly, when they turn toward the light.

Polo.
Polo gets its name from the Tibetan name for willow, wool—puta—which is just the kind of material still used in making the polo balls.

The Violin's Scroll.
The "throwing" of the scroll, or head, of a violin betrays the master's style the same as handwriting. To an amateur all violin heads may appear the same, but the connoisseur knows a Strad, Amati or Guarnerius at once from the physiognomy of the scroll. This has been likened to the painter's touch—that is, difficult to imitate so as to deceive one who is thoroughly conversant with the individual work of the great masters.

The Mohammedan Meal.
Mohammedan meals begin with salt and end with vinegar. The salt defends the believer from seventy diseases; the vinegar assures him increased prosperity.

Alexander the Great.
Alexander the Great died Nov. 2, 323 B. C. He was one of the greatest generals the world ever has produced. He was only thirty-three years old when he died, but at that early age he had conquered empires, founded cities and wept because there was nothing more to conquer.

Hearing a Noise.
When a man says "I can hear a noise," it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody can hear, but a noise.

The Great Bustard.
The great bustard is the rarest bird that comes under the head of game. This bird formerly haunted all the level countries of England and was particularly common on Salisbury plain. From the reign of Henry VIII. repeated measures were passed in order to protect it, and it is expressly included under the head of game in the statute of the first year of the reign of William IV., which codified and reformed the laws relating to game.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

(by tradition in Portsmouth, N. H.) and died Sept. 25, 1827, in Westport, Mass. She and about 1748 Joseph Hicks of Dartmouth, Mass.—F. T. H.

A Great Harvest.

What the Summer Resort Business Means For New England.

New England is undoubtedly doing this year the greatest summer resort business in her history. Figures compiled by the New England Lines would indicate that about 1,400,000 people spent their vacation within the confines of New England in the year 1912, and the reports so far show that this number will probably be greatly exceeded this year.

The railroads operating in New England try every year to get on their feet every hotel and boarding house open to summer boarders. A compilation based on these lists and covering all the railroads shows that last year there were 1400 hotels and boarding houses in New England with a total capacity of 222,141 persons. For the total number of persons accommodated it would probably be fair to multiply the total capacity by six, figuring on the average vacation being two weeks, and the season to consist of twelve weeks. This would give 1,822,846 persons accommodated in the season. Estimates based on these figures and from the reports of hotel keepers would place the amount spent by these vacationists at, roughly, \$100,000,000.

That the summer resort business is one of New England's leading industries is indicated when comparison is made with her agricultural figures. The total value of all of New England's crops in 1909, as given by the Census, was \$141,118,829. The total value of her dairy products in the same year was \$50,720,769, or about half the estimated amount which summer visitors spent last year.

There is probably no other region of this country where so much is spent annually from summer boarders.

The compilation made showed that last year Maine had 1265 hotels and boarding houses with a total capacity of 69,078; New Hampshire had 1167 with a total capacity 65,983; Vermont had 518 with a capacity of 9,104; Massachusetts had 695 with a capacity of 44,976; Rhode Island 163 with a capacity of 15,400 and Connecticut 613 with a capacity of 27,645.

There were 1560 hotels and boarding houses reached by the New Haven railroad, 1452 by the Boston and Maine and 1242 by the Maine Central. The remainder of the 1400 hotels and boarding houses are reached by the other railroads operating in New England.

State College Notes.

The campus presents a scene of activity. Work on the new Science Building is going on apace. Mortar boards have been placed on all stories above the basement and the upper story has received its first coat of mortar. Unavoidable delays, some of which were due to inability to get long sticks of lumber promptly, will prevent the completion of the new building before the middle of September, but it is expected to be in readiness for the opening of the college year.

The taking on of another large building like Science Hall necessitates enlarging the central heating and lighting plant. The dynamo and storage battery are now in the basement of Lippitt Hall while the boiler house stands in the rear of that hall. This house will be enlarged by the erection of a one story stone addition which will furnish a space 22 x 21 ft. Here will be placed an additional boiler for heating and an upright boiler for teaching purposes. The lighting plant will also be removed here and such additional apparatus as may be necessary will be installed. The addition will also provide for a work room 12 x 18 ft. The removal of the dynamo will give room for the expansion of the department of mechanical engineering which has been cramped for some time.

Work on other buildings is progressing satisfactorily. The new house for the Heta-Pol fraternity, now being erected on the campus near Prof. Adams' residence, will be ready for the plasterers in a few days, as will also the houses of Prof. Stone and Wales on College Road.

Pres. Edwards' home near Narragansett River is being connected by telephone. Mr. F. L. Gdlin who has been in charge of the green house is spending his vacation at his home in Michigan.

POISONS A WOMAN IN SUICIDE PACT Invalid Then Ends Own Life by Plunging Into Lake

San Jose, Cal., July 18.—After feeding Mrs. Olive J. Smith, 56 years old, a drug for seventy-two hours, and watching down the story of her lingering death, Stephen Mastick, a tuberculosis invalid, threw himself into a shallow lake at Monterey.

Letters signed by the pair said they had arranged a suicide pact and told of a celebration of their intentions in Monterey last Friday, when they had ice cream, pie and milk.

The woman has been supporting Mastick on a pension of \$12 a month for several months. Mastick was 29 years old.

RAILWAY COMPANY BLAMED

Responsible For Wreck in Which Fourteen Lives Were Lost

Los Angeles, Cal., July 17.—Blame for the Pacific Electric railway wreck last Sunday night, when fourteen persons were killed and 150 injured in a collision of trains running from Los Angeles to the ocean, was declared by a coroner's jury to rest with the railroad company.

The verdict charged that the trains were operated too closely together; that the cars were overcrowded and that the employees were unacquainted with the traffic rules.

Fifteen Months For Polygamy
Boston, July 17.—Victor M. Smoot, the son of former State Senator Smoot of Texas, was sentenced to fifteen months in the house of correction for polygamy.

1543. HICKS, WAITE—Ancestry of Elizabeth Waite, born Jan. 20, 1727,

The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

It Might Be But It Is No Joke.

If it wasn't for the seriousness of the thing, our continued harping on the superiority of Titus values might get to be a standing joke; but it concerns your pocketbook, and there's no joking allowed when you touch upon that subject. Our reasons are always good, straight forward business propositions backed up by substantial proofs.

This Dressing Table.

Hunt the markets over and find its equal if you can. It is real mahogany. The triple mirror is a convenience that can't be underestimated for the purpose.

24.75.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

The Telephone Always on Guard.

THERE is never a moment, day or night, when your Bell Telephone is not a protection.

In the busy hours of the day and silent watches of the night, the switchboard operator is already to answer a call.

The telephone is as much a part of the protective system of each community as the police and fire departments.

There's always a feeling of security in the knowledge that close at hand is the means of calling aid quickly when you most need it.

More than 700,000 cities and towns are protected day and night by the Bell telephone system. 7,500,000 Bell telephones are on guard. In thousands of rural communities it is the chief reliance in emergencies and times of danger.

Providence
Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

WHITE MOUNTAINS of New Hampshire

For those who live down in the big cities there is nothing so beneficial as a vacation in the Mountains. Almost overnight that wonderful.

Life-Giving Air

restores tired brains and exhausted energies.

For a day, perhaps you will, be content simply to rest and drink in that air.

But afterwards the joyous out-of-doors will claim you. You will play golf on links right under the clouds, you will motor on fine roads, climb mountain peaks for unimaginable views, play tennis, ride, drive tramp.

Send for Free Booklets Address Vacation Bureau Room 1269, South St. Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

NEWPORT BEACH

BROOKLYN MARINE BAND

B. BAVETTA, Conductor.

"THE PEER OF THEM ALL."

CONCERTS Morning, Afternoon, Evening.

Shore Dinners from Noon Until 8 P. M.

Under Supervision of Chester Pryor,

A La Carte Service—Specialties, Steaks, Rhode Island Chickens, Fish, Lobsters.

NEWPORT BEACH

"I never saw a boy so much like his father—your husband's hair and eyes and even his manner of speech. But why does he jump when you speak to him?"

"Because he is so much like his father."—Houston Post.

All cases of weak or lost back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing Carter's Smart Weeds and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small, very easy to take. No pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Girl Wants to Run Away With Him When He Leaves Prison

Boston, July 18.—Gladys Kadra, the 14-year-old Ashland girl who was kidnapped from the home of her grandmother in this city by Abraham Sharwood, 26 years old, declared last night that she loved her kidnaper and would run away with him and live with him as soon as he is released from jail.

Sharwood, who took the girl to Utica, N. Y., and married her, was found guilty of abducting the schoolgirl by a jury in the Suffolk county superior court yesterday afternoon.

Judge Quinn sentenced him to one year in the house of correction.

"WILD MAN" IS DEAD

Stomach of "Ki Ko" Overtaxed by Extraordinary Gastronomic Stunts.

Providence, July 14.—As the result of his unusual gastronomic feats, Joseph Masse, known in the Pawtucket valley as "Ki Ko, the Wild Man," died at the Rhode Island hospital. Death was due to hemorrhages of the stomach.

Masse was a familiar character at roadside resorts, where he gave exhibitions of eating large quantities of fish and raw meat.

One of his customs was to carry small snakes concealed in his long hair and occasionally shake them out, to the consternation of spectators.

Portsmouth Property
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, July 19, 1913, at 2 o'clock, P. M., will be sold on the premises on the easterly side of the Main Road leading from Full River to Newport, opposite the library, in Portsmouth, a fine two-family dwelling house. Each apartment contains five rooms and bathroom, heated attic, hot water heat and running water. The building was erected about seven years ago, and is in good condition. The lot contains eighty rods. This property is very desirable, located on the car line, in the center of the town and is a fine investment and a good home. For further particulars, apply to EDWIN J. CORLE, 5 South Main Street, Fall River, Mass.

DR. PERCY S. SENIOR.

(B. A., M. D., B. Ch., D. P. H., M. D., Cambridge.)

Specialist in Diseases of Women

WILL ATTEND

TWICE WEEKLY in NEWPORT

22 years experience, principally in London.

Write him for appointments to 102 MAIN STREET, Westbury, R. I.

7-19-13

NEWPORT CASINO

Concerts every Sunday

evening beginning at

8 o'clock.

Admission to the grounds

during the concert

25 cts.

Carr's List.

Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life,

By Lady Macdonnell.

The Southerner,

By Thomas Dixon.

The Adventures of Dr. Whitty,

By G. A. Birmingham.

The Man Who Understood Women,

By Leonard Merrick.

21-23 THAMES ST.

TH. 68.

Town of New Shoreham.

Notice of Applications for

Liquor License.

A SESSION of the Town Council of New Shoreham, held July 17th, 1913, applications were made for license to sell pure, distilled and intoxicating liquors at retail only by the following named persons and firm for the term of four months:

ELWOOD A. BROWN, Manisses Hotel west side of Spring Street near the Old Harbor.

WILLIAM H. JONES & COMPANY, west side of Main Street near the Old Harbor.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham, will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on SATURDAY, the 19th day of July, A. D. 1913, at 8 o'clock P. M., at which time and place all persons objecting to the granting of the above applications may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 10th, 1913.

Estate of James Mahon.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of James Mahon, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the twenty-eighth day of July instant, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-12-13w

Newport National Bank.

A semi-annual dividend of four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent have been declared payable on or after July 1, 1913.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

7-12-13w

ASK ANY HORSE

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Standard Oil Co. of New York

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7-12-13w



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The Howe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't stop over, they are moved from place to place. Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage.

"So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Howe Sanitary Lavatory. Write today for information and get free booklet.

GORDON C. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

925 Main St. Bridgeport, Conn.

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

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